

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

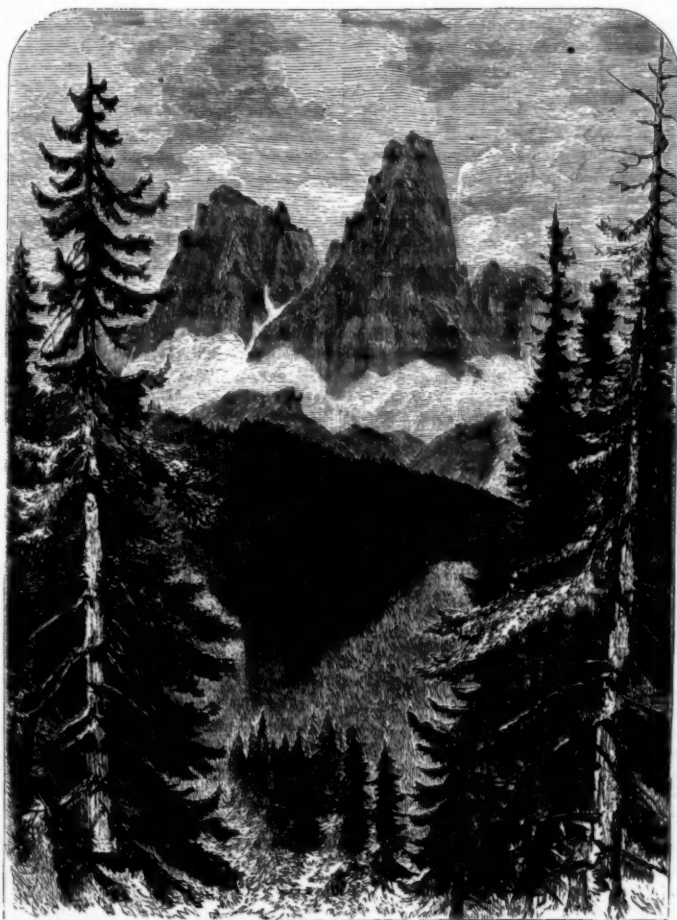
No. 360.]

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 12, 1876.

[VOL. XV.

ALPINE WANDERINGS.

III.



THE CIMON DELLA PALA AND CIMA DI VEZZANA.

THE mountain-knot which uplifts its nearly perpendicular masses behind Primiero may be compared to a horseshoe from which protrude spikes of irregular length. The only practicable paths for beasts of burden wind around the base of the protuberances, while the higher passes, fit only for chamois-hunters or shepherds, penetrate the recesses between the lofty spurs and even the horseshoe itself.

The country owes its wonderful beauty to

the constantly-recurring contrast between the tall, bare cliffs of the great rock-islands and the soft forms of the green hills, which roll their waves of verdure around like a sea. Below the peaks lies a region of wide-spreading downs, scarcely divided from each other by low, grassy ridges; of forest-clad vales, where the rich soil nurtures a dense undergrowth of ferns and moisture-loving plants.

On the morning of May 30, 1864, a strange arrival disturbed the quiet of the little moun-

tain-town of Agordo, the first village of Venetia. About nine o'clock the party who were the cause of this unusual stir issued from the inn-door in an armed procession—four Englishmen, headed by a Swiss and a Savoyard, the two latter girt with rope. Each individual brandished a formidable ice-axe. The native mind was by no means satisfied by the explanations offered by the strangers, and was inclined to believe that they were either some strange sort of brigands, or else miners prospecting for gold. The remote Italian valleys had not then been penetrated by the parties of mountain-climbers since so prolifically furnished by the Alpine Club. On arriving at Primiero the conjectures were no less startling among the wild-eyed inhabitants, and the prevailing opinion seemed to be that they were a party of French officers engaged in a surreptitious survey of the mountains, for the peasants still believed that Napoleon would keep his word, and complete the work of 1859 in freeing Italy from the Alps to the Apennines.

The first object of Mr. Freshfield's party was to discover a pass through the mountain horseshoe, and a peasant offered to be their guide. They soon discarded him, however, and boldly turned their faces toward the great wall of cliffs which rose to the east of San Martino, whence they had started. Three hours of climbing over steep slopes and loose rubbish, and they had reached the base of the Cima della Rosetta. The view was superbly spacious and beautiful, the foreground composed of mountain-pastures clothed to their summits, beyond which were the snows of the Orteler and Oetzthaler groups, and in the distance the towers of the Brenta and the sky-cleaving pinnacle of the Presanella. At their feet was a deep hollow lying under the back of the Cimon della Pala. They were threading a defile among the mountain-tops. Sheer walls of cliff impended on the one hand; on the other, the rocks of the Cima di Vezzana towered aloft in forms of the utmost daring, yet too massive and sublime to merit the name of grotesque.

Here was rock-scenery in its purest simplicity, with no variety or relief from its sternness, except what it could itself afford in the shapes and coloring of the crags. In passing through a narrow gorge, they suddenly came on the brink of the cliff above the Gaus Valley. A log had been thrown across

the water on the very edge of the waterfall which tumbled over the chasm. This rustic bridge was by no means substantial, and seemed built to test the nimbleness of a Blondin or a monkey. Our cliff-scalers, however, surmounted the difficulty by crossing singly astride at the expense of wet feet, and found on the other side a narrow path, which swept by a wide circuit round the rock-wall. This track crossed the stream again below, which fell in a mass of foam, the prettiest fall, perhaps, in the dolomite country, zigzagging down rhododendron-covered slopes to the floor of the valley.

The third passage of the great horseshoe, by a route not known except to the most daring chamois-hunters, Mr. Freshfield made in the fall of 1872. From a combination of personal incidents, he and his companion were unprovided with guides, and they determined to undertake the ascent of the virgin peak of the Cima di Vezzana. A peasant of stalwart size and manly bearing was finally secured, who professed himself ready to go anywhere and incur any risk. His reputation as a chamois-hunter seemed to guarantee his usefulness, but, from his previous experiences, our traveler was disposed to fancy that the Italian's "anywhere" was an ambitious phrase, and possibly might mean anywhere he had been before.

Shortly after five o'clock one September morning the little party started on their path. High against the sky the dolomites lifted their pale heads in a gigantic row. Above the end of the glen towered the gaunt form of the Cimon della Pala, girt about his loins by a great glacier. A stone slope led to the ice, which rose in a steep and slippery bank. Higher up, the more level surface was split by a few incipient *crevasses*, the largest of a size to engulf the heel of a boot, perhaps. Unluckily, these did not escape the keen eye of the hunter, who proceeded to probe one of them with his staff. When he had done so, his face assumed a singular air of resolution, and, to his employers' utter astonishment, he informed them that the ice was rotten, and refused to proceed farther.

The Englishmen pointed to the rope he carried on his shoulders, but the peasant-philosopher answered sullenly that "life was worth more than gulden," and prepared to descend.

From the standpoint they occupied the whole upper glacier was in sight, a semicircular hollow open to the northwest, hemmed in elsewhere by the cliffs of the Vezzana and the steep, broken face of the Pala. Between them lay a natural pass, approached on the side by a long bank of snow, between which the *crevasses* were evidently easy of circumlocution. The day was cloudless. The way to a maiden peak was open. The two Englishmen roped themselves together, and turned their faces toward the frowning heights of ice which towered stupendously in front.

Though mountaineering without guides be by no means the most prudent thing in the world to do, yet experienced and fearless climbers often undertake expeditions which look very foolhardy and risky. Here, as in other perils, the danger often grows less with a bold attack than imagination had made it.

Our author's verdict, in summing up the question, is, "Do not dispense with a guide except when and where you are capable of taking his place." The true warrior of the Alps disdains the passive position of the man who, having linked himself between two first-rate guides, leans on them entirely for support, moral and physical, under all circumstances. The situation may be appropriate for the man who wishes, once for all, to do his Wetterhorn or Mont Blanc "homo unius montis"; but one who has the true pride of a mountaineer does not like to think of himself as a bale of calico, which abandons itself to the force of the pulley to reach the top story of the warehouse. A guide must be looked on rather as a teacher than a steam-tug.

With such reflections our author consoled himself in the work before him, especially as he saw no reason to believe he was entering on ground where there was extraordinary peril for a prudent and skillful mountaineer, or where a chance, slip would not be remediable by such skill as he had at his control.

The ice-chasms, some of them of formidable breadth, were turned, and the little party soon came to the end of them, the great moat, which ran around the base of the mountain. It was furnished with two bridges, one immediately under the centre of the snow-wall, over which any bodies falling from above would certainly pass; the second one, which they crossed, somewhat nearer the Pala. This steep bank was about eight hundred feet high. They were getting on bravely, when one of those accidents so frequent in the Alps narrowly escaped depriving the Alpine Club of two enterprising members:

"The snow, though in a very trustworthy condition, was a little too hard for speed, and my friend, who is an excellent step-cutter, found plenty of occupation for his axe. Some hour and a half had slipped by and we were still a hundred and fifty to two hundred feet below the crest, when a low bank of rock, parallel to the slope and lying along the base of the cliffs on our left, offered us an alternative path. We swerved toward them, not, however, without exchanging a reminder of the need of caution in crossing from snow to rock. An unusually capacious last step had been cut, and my friend had already attached to the crag all his limbs with the exception of one leg, when his whole body suddenly became subject to a struggle between the laws of gravity and the will of the climber. He had grasped a portion of the living rock which came away in his hand for the first time, as if it had been the least stable of loose boulders. I had hardly time to close my axe in a tighter grip before my companion flew past me at a velocity of I cannot say how many feet to the second.

"My foothold was too slight to resist any severe shock; the power of resistance lay in arms and axe. In a moment the rope tightened, rather, however, with a strong increasing pull than with a sharp jerk. I felt myself moving downward, but in my old position, erect, my face to the slope, and my axe-head buried as deeply as ever in the snow and dragging heavily like an anchor through its hard surface. Two or three seconds more and I felt the impulse less, my power of tension increasing. In another moment I had stopped altogether. My companion's fall, checked at the first by my resistance, and

still more afterward by his own exertions with his axe, of which he had, with the impulse of an old climber, retained his hold, had come to an end, and the moment the downward strain was taken off I stopped also.

"I have no mental sensations to record during the time of the slide. The mind has, or seems to have, at times an extraordinary power while the body is flying down a snow-slope of, as it were, anticipating its separation from its old companion, and standing apart to watch its fate in what a writer in *Fraser* has happily called 'colorless expectation.' The phrase may suggest of itself an explanation of this curious indifference. In such situations the brain is called upon to register so many sensations at the same moment that, as in a well-spun top, the various hues are mingled into one, and the pale complexion of terror has not time to predominate. But in order to experience this frame of mind the slip must be irremediable by any present exertion; our moments of descent had their practical impulses, and these were quite sufficient to occupy them."

They now found themselves some sixty feet lower than they had been before, with positions reversed, but otherwise none the worse for the accident except that their knees and ankles had been skinned by the friction against the ice, and were bleeding freely.

Confident that no worse thing could happen, and that they had proved their ability to cope with the Cima di Vezzana, they pressed forward over a corniced wall, representing the thickness of the snow-field lying across the top of the pass, and barring the head of the gully. With the rocks on the left they very naturally declined to have any further dealing, but those on the right, though loose and very steep, proved quite manageable, and ten minutes' climbing brought them in safety to a bold spur of glacier some fifty feet above the lowest gap.

The way to the maiden peak was still blind, though they were close to the summit. It presented a massive shoulder of crag and snow-beds, masking the real top, which lay somewhat out of sight. A few minutes of hard work and desperate climbing over what luckily proved the right path brought them safely to the topmost crest of the great mountain.

The perch was a very narrow one; and, when the indispensable stone man, the memorial of their victory, had been erected, there was but little room for a fourth. They enjoyed to the utmost the glory spread around them. The Cimon della Pala, a great unstable wedge of a mountain, shot up opposite, its highest rocks overtopping them only a few feet. The white houses of Primiero showed over the huge shoulder of the Pala. The lake of Alleghe lay peacefully in its hollow. Beyond it rose the central dolomites, the Pelmo, the Civetta, and the Tofana, looming largely through the glistening air, like pre-Adamite monsters crouched on the green hills, and sunning themselves in the noon-tide blaze. On one side they looked down on the white, stony desolation of the great wilderness which fills the hoof of the shoe, on one of the nails of which they stood; on the other, on the forest of Paneveggio and a green stretch of lakelet-studded pastures. Far away to the west spread the rolling hill-waves of the Trentino, a vast expanse of

broken country stretching out toward the Brenta and the Orteler.

They lingered till the air grew chill, and the golden radiance of the sunbeams died out of it—the mountain-forms exchanged their splendors for a cool, gray tint. In some strange way this bloom in the air seemed to thicken until it became no longer transparent. A thin, shadowy film grew into being, and the huge spectral dolomites faded away into it like genii of the Arabian Nights. Their battle was over; they had done their worst, and the Pala and Vezzana, knowing themselves vanquished, might well be imagined, like respectable Afrits, to have retired into the bottles with which their conquerors had, after the custom of climbers, provided them, though there was no seal of Solomon to bind the captives fast.

A different style of landscape beauty is that shown in the Val di Zoldo. The hill-villages of this valley claim our interest as the frequent haunt of Titian. While wandering among them, we are among the influences which impressed his boyhood, and were afterward the sources of his inspiration. The Pelmo itself may with good ground assert itself as Titian's own mountain. Mr. Gilbert, in his "Cadore," has shown it to us as it stands over against the painter's native town; and it is impossible to turn over the drawings in that charming volume without being persuaded that he drew the mountain from life more than once. The principal elements in these landscapes are blue, surging waves of mountains, broken by sharp fins and tusks of rock; deep skies peopled with luminous masses of white clouds; in the foreground wide, sunny spaces, and softly-rounded hills. This southern side of the Venetian Tyrol, Mr. Freshfield tells us, is one of the most exquisite of all resorts for the lover of Nature to be found in Europe, and the Pelmo Mountain is its crowning beauty.

Val di Zoldo resembles many of the Venetian valleys in being shaped like a long-necked bottle. In its lower portion a narrow gorge hemmed in by beetling crags, it expands at its head into what, when seen from any vantage-ground, shows as a broad, sunny basin, divided by green ridges into a labyrinth of fertile glens. The outlines of these ridges are symmetrical in themselves, and they are grouped together in a constantly shifting but harmonious complexity. Away to the south the horizon is fringed by splintered edges of dolomite, black as the receding night when cut clear against the first orange of dawn, or pale gold in the palpable haze of an Italian noon, or crimson with the reflected rays of sunset. As the paths cross the crests from glen to glen, the snowy boss of the Antelao or the painted cliffs of the Sorapis tower loftily over the low, intervening ridge which divides Zoppé from the Val d'Ampezzo. But (to accept the hypothesis of Von Richthofen) the great glory of Val di Zoldo lies in the chance which led the coral insects to select the broad downs lying behind the hamlets of Pecol and Brusadaz for pedestals on which to plant their two noblest efforts, the huge wall of the Civetta and the tower of the Pelmo. Elsewhere in the

dolomite country edifices may be seen covering a wider space of ground, or decorated with more fantastic pinnacles, the Westminster Palaces and Milan Cathedrals of their order. But these two works belong to the best style or period of insect-art; their builders have shown that simplicity of intention and subordination of detail to a central controlling purpose which mark the highest of the comparatively puny efforts of their human competitors.

To the mind of the climber who wanders beneath its cliffs, the Pelmo suggests all sorts of incongruous fancies. From one side its broad shoulders and massive head resemble an Egyptian sphinx. To the southward one of the shoulders becomes detached, and the mountain is transformed into a colossal antediluvian cub crouching beside its parent. When clouds part to show the vast, glittering crest which overlooks Val di Zoldo, we seem to realize the "great and high wall" of the city coming down from the heaven of the Apocalyptic vision.

The traveler leaving Val di Zoldo, after passing bunches of farmhouses that cling to the steep sides of Monte Fernazza like flies to a window-pane, finally reaches the hamlet of Coi, overlooking the great rolling down which leads to the base of Pelmo. To climb this noble Alp became the fixed purpose of our author-cragman. The night preceding the attempt was spent at the inn of San Nicoló, one of the most delightful caravansaries in the Venetian Alps. It stands a little back from the path behind a courtyard, a tall three-storied house, hanging out no vulgar sign of entertainment for man and beast. At the top of the three stories are two bedrooms, clean and spotless, hung with engravings, and furnished with the air of conscious wealth of a farmhouse best-parlor. Their windows give an exquisite glimpse down the deep glen which falls toward Forno di Zoldo, and across to a high ridge capped by a most fantastic fence of dolomite splinters. But if the up-stairs rooms are bright and comfortable, they have not the homely charm of the great ground-floor kitchen. It is a wide room, ranged round with rows of lustrous brass pans, alternating with generous, full-bodied, wide-mouthed jugs, which could never give a drop less than the measure painted across them. At one end is the fireplace, of the sort common in Southern Tyrol, a deep semicircular bow forming a projection in the outer wall of the house; the floor is slightly raised, and a bench runs round it, leaving the centre to be used for the hearth—an arrangement which seems to solve the problem of the greatest happiness of the greatest number better even than the old-fashioned chimney-corner.

In the gloom of a wet evening the conquest of the Pelmo on the morrow seemed little more than a slender hope. Still, in the Alps successes are always won by being prepared for the best. It turned out that, though there was no guide right at hand, there was a daring and competent man, a chamois-hunter, living at Brusadaz, which was *en route* to the Pelmo, who could be relied on to act as guide to the little expedition.

Agosto di Marco was quickly forthcoming, and cheerfully announced himself ready to lead the way to the mountain, which frowned at them, a square block of smooth, solid, apparently inaccessible precipice.

There is scarcely any summit in the Alps which, from every point of view, presents so formidable an appearance as the Pelmo. Time and the various forces of Nature almost invariably create a breach in the defenses of great mountains. Here, however, their work has been left unfinished. True, the upper cliffs are broken on the east by a long slope, where after a fresh fall the snow lies in such quantities as to show that it is easy of ascent. But this snow, when in spring it has accumulated to a considerable mass, falls from the bottom of the slope of a precipice of one thousand feet in height. It is only at what may be called the northern cape of the mountain that the ridge slopes down, buttress-like, to a point not more than four or five hundred feet lower than the bottom of the upper breach, but fully half a mile distant from it. The cliffs along this half-mile are quite hopeless in appearance. It was with some surprise that the party found themselves climbing the buttress in question, threatening, as it did, to beat their heads against the frowning cliffs on which it rested. Before setting foot on the crags, the rope was uncoiled and brought into use. The climbers at once found sufficient employment for their muscles in making long steps, or rather lifts of the body from ledge to ledge of a rock-face, the angle of which appeared to approximate very closely on ninety degrees. The transverse shelves, however, afforded excellent support, and made progress a matter of perfect security:

"Above the first one hundred and fifty feet a narrow gully disclosed itself, which led us to higher and more broken rocks. Then, again, the wall looked perfectly smooth, upright, and unassailable. On the last place where it could have found room to rest was a low pile of stones. Standing beside it we began for the first time to comprehend the key to our dilemma; we were now to turn altogether to the left, and to attempt the formidable task of traversing the face of the Pelmo. Our pathway was before us, a horizontal ledge or groove, at present a few feet broad, shortly narrowing so as to afford only sufficient standing-ground, threatening before long not to do even this. The cliffs around us bent into deep recesses, and each time a projecting angle was reached, the side of the bay seen opposite appeared wholly smooth and impassable.

"This portion of the ascent of the Pelmo is, in my limited experience, one of the most impressive, and at the same time enjoyable, positions in which a climber can find himself. Even a sluggish imagination has here enough to stimulate it. The mysterious pathway, unseen from a short distance, seems to open for the mountaineer's passage, and to close up again behind him as he advances. The stones he dislodges, after two or three long bounds, disappear with a whirl into a sheer depth of seething mist, of which the final far-off crash reveals the immensity. The overhanging rocks above, the absence of any resting-place even for the eye below, do not allow him for a moment to forget that the crags to which he clings form part of one of the wildest precipices in Europe.

"To walk for a mile or so along a ledge no

broader than the sill which runs underneath the top-story window of a London square, with, for twice the height of St. Paul's cross above the pavement, no shelf below wide enough to arrest your fall, must sound an alarming feat to any one, except perhaps a professional burglar. And yet, to a head naturally free from giddiness, and to nerves moderately hardened by mountain experiences, the full sense of the majesty of the situation need not be disturbed by physical fear. The animal 'homo scandens' is not in the slightest danger. His pedestal may be scanty, but it is sufficient. He can follow his chamois-hunter among the abysses with as much confidence as Dante followed the elder poet amid the boiling gulfs of Tartarus.

"As we went on, the height of the groove, and consequently the head-room, became, for a time, inadequate to our requirements—a fact which a moment's inattention seldom failed to impress forcibly on the brain. Let the reader picture himself walking along the mantel-piece, and the cornice coming down on him so as to force him to stoop or lie flat. 'Va bene!' cheerily remarked the Brusadax hunter, in reply to some grumbles on this score, 'it is all as easy as this, except one place, and that is of no consequence.' This place, the 'eccentric obstacle' of the guide-

book, arrived in due course, a projecting corner where the ledge was not broken away, but partially closed in by a roof of rock. There was just room enough to allow a thin person to lie down and worm himself round with due care and deliberation; a brilliant climber could find some support for portions of his body on slight knobs below; those who were neither thin nor brilliant had to trust to the rope and their companions. For us, who followed an adroit leader, there was little difficulty in the feat; but the happy boldness of our predecessor, who, when his companion's courage failed him, himself led the way, did not the less impress us. Mr. Ball, we agreed, had here proved himself in the body as well as in the spirit the true 'Alpine Guide.'

"Having all wound or scrambled past the corner as instinct led us, we followed round yet another bay the faithful ledge. At last the precipice above us broke back, and our guide announced that all difficulty was at an end. And so it proved, at least as far as nerves and gymnastics were concerned. But to keep up the pace he now set us was no slight task. We raced upward through the mists at true chamois-hunter speed, over steep slopes, now of large broken crags, now of smaller and less cohesive fragments, up low cliffs, then over more slopes,

until we began to think the mountain interminable. At last, where a stream, the hidden roar of which was often heard, flashed for a moment into light, I was glad to call a halt. Two buttresses of rock, the ends of the topmost ridge of the Pelmo, loomed largely and, despite our exertions, still loftily overhead; a glimmer of ice shone between them.

"We soon came to the glacier, a sheet of uncrevassed ice, sloping slightly from south to north, and filling the large but from below unseen and unsuspected hollow which lies between the horseshoe-shaped battlements of the mountain. 'If the water of the ocean,' writes Professor Huxley, 'could be suddenly drained away, we should see the atolls rising from the sea-bed like vast truncated cones, and resembling so many volcanic craters, except that their sides would be steeper than those of an ordinary volcano.' The description exactly fits our peak; and if, reversing the picture, we imagine the level of the Adriatic raised a trifle of ten thousand feet, the glacier would yield its place to a lagoon, and these ridges would exactly represent an atoll of the southern ocean. Our leader at first swerved to the left toward the lower crags which immediately overlooked his native village; turned by our remonstrances, he led us to the highest rocks, a broken crest perfectly easy of access. The verge of the huge outer cliffs, in some places level up to the extreme edge, and unencumbered with loose stones so as to allow of the closest approach, was gained within a few yards of the cairn which marks the summit."

The dense folds of cloud betokened a coming storm, and the adventurers dared not remain long, though they were much disappointed in not getting the view from the top of the Pelmo. The descent was made with considerable difficulty, for all paths but one on this mountain lead to inevitable destruction. One great danger was in the unreliability of the rocks. In making an escalade, a party on this mountain a short time before were obliged to return, carrying back a companion with a broken head. While climbing in advance he dislodged with one hand a boulder from a shelf above, which made its first bound on his skull, nearly fracturing that important member. Unstable boulders are the great source of danger in this part of the Alps, and even old climbers have to be constantly reminded that on dolomite rocks they must test before they trust every handhold.

At the southeastern angle of the Pelmo the cliff rises sheer for some distance, and then a wedge of stone suddenly juts out, overhanging its base to an extent which the author fears to estimate in figures, and can only describe as incredible. The under part has fallen and lies on the path, but a huge block still hangs threateningly overhead, an appropriate gargoyle for so Titanic an edifice.

The brow beneath it commanded a wide and splendid prospect. To the north rose the red crags of the Sorapis and the more symmetrical outlines of the Antelao. Turning eastward, green pastures and gable-formed ridges filled the foreground. The blunt-headed crags of the Sasso di Bosco Nero occupied the middle distance. Beyond the gorge of the Piave they looked across to the least-known portion of the dolomites, the blue mountains, crested with dark teeth and horns, which encompass remote Cimalais.

With the conquest of the Pelmo our author closes his record of Alpine adventure.



ON THE PELMO.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

A NOVEL.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGER," "WALTER'S WORD," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOHN'S COMFORTER.

THE question whether a "little music" after dinner is socially a desirable thing or not has been much debated; we know what a certain statesman thought of it—but, then, he was very bitter against every species of occupation that was not "improving." Musical people, of course, like to hear the piano going—if the performer understands her art—and there are a number of other persons who like to be thought musical, even if they are not, who hold their fingers up and whisper, "Hush!" during the performance, and, when it is over, exclaim, "Oh, *thank you!*" as if the notes had been five-pound ones, and they had pocketed them all. Nor do the rest of the company much *mind* it if the pieces played are not too long. Old gentlemen will go on with their gossip much as usual, and old ladies will keep time with their heads quite cleverly, until they drop asleep, to be presently awakened by the sudden silence. But if there are any present with a hidden care, it is curious how often their secret is disclosed by a few bars of music. They can no longer laugh or talk, but are left the prey of the anxiety within, and it comes out in the expression of their face and in their very posture. Those earnest lines—

"Dear friend, whom, grave or gay, we seek,
Heaven-holding shrine,
I open thee, touch thee, hear thee speak,
And peace is mine"—

were addressed to his piano by a true lover of it; and such persons, even when dejected, may be soothed by its sweet tones; but that is not the case with those who have no particular taste for music. It makes their sad thoughts more gloomy, while it takes away from them the opportunities of disguise. From John Dalton's face the smile has fallen away like a dropped mask, as he leans an elbow on the mantel-piece, and listens, or seems to listen, in the drawing-room at Riverside, to his daughter's singing. Kitty has a fine voice, which goes a great way up and comes a long way down, and goes on without stopping for breath almost as long as a camel can go without water. Mr. Holt, who is turning over her leaves, finds that post no sinecure, and, being utterly ignorant of music, is never quite sure when she has reached the bottom of the page. Moreover, he cannot keep his eyes from wandering to that statuesque figure by the fireplace, that looks so cast down even now, when it has not yet heard the worst, nor even half the worst, that must needs be told to-night. Others in the room have their troubles: Jeff, pretending to be immersed in a book, is frowning over the top of it at Mr. Holt, who must, he thinks, be an idiot not to see when a young lady would

rather turn over her leaves for herself; and Tony, only enduring the music as a lesser evil than going to bed, which, as he is well aware, would be the alternative. The windows are open, and he would gladly be in the open air, but the rain is falling, as it often does at Riverside, so that that avenue of escape is barred. Mr. Campden has fallen asleep—which is foolish of him, as he will be all the more wakeful when the time arrives for his curtain-lecture, when all the wickedness of his afternoon's expedition will be expatiated upon over again; but the rest of the company are enthralled by the melody. Jenny is lying on the sofa with her eyes closed in silent ecstasy, for the voice and the instrument are both perfection in their way; Mrs. Campden and Mary give still more demonstrative signs of approval; and Mrs. Dalton has yet an added bliss as the mother of the singer. Every now and then, however, she steals a glance at her husband, and then that look of maternal triumph fades away.

"John, dear, you must be very tired," she says, tenderly, when the little concert is over and the ladies are retreating; "I hope you will not have more than one cigar to-night."

"I had some sleep in the train, and feel dreadfully lively," he answers, brightening up; "and I have got some business to discuss with Holt; so I am afraid I shall not be very early; be sure you don't sit up for me, darling."

"George," says Mrs. Campden, "you hear that Mr. Dalton and Mr. Holt have private affairs to talk about, so that there is no excuse for your spending half the night in the smoking-room. I am astonished at your permitting Geoffrey to accompany you to such a place at all."

"I do it as a warning," answers the host, "that he may remark for himself thus early the pernicious effects of tobacco."

"It is easy to joke upon all subjects; but you are giving him a taste which is deleterious in itself, and which in after-life he will not be in a position to gratify."

"My dear, he has got it already," replies Mr. Campden, as he troops off with the other males to the divan.

Under the apprehension of punishment, Uncle George would sometimes break into what those who did not know him would deem next kin to rebellion, but which was, in fact, only that state of wildness which prompts a man in for a penny to go in for a pound. There was still a cigar—which habit would enable him to enjoy—between him and the curtain-lecture.

The smoking-room at Riverside was a model of what such a place should be: it was on the upper floor, yet not so high up as to inconvenience those of mature age and impaired digestion who sought it after dinner; its windows commanded a glorious view of hill and river, when to look out was pleasurable; and, when snugness and warmth were desirable, it possessed every element of comfort. It had lounging-chairs, rocking-chairs, conversation-chairs; and three sides of the room were lined with books, bound with great elegance, but all of small bulk so as to be easily held in the hand. It was said by Mr. Campden's detractors that his uphol-

ster had supplied these books with the rest of the fittings; but that was of small consequence, if he had not written them; they were, at all events, far better chosen than what we find on the book-shelves of most smoking-rooms, which are but too often the *Sporting Review*, in fifty volumes, and the old *Gentleman's Magazine*. There was a sunlight in the ceiling for use on winter nights; but at present the apartment was lit by shaded lamps placed on small, round tables.

"Well, as these two gentlemen want to talk business, Jeff," said Mr. Campden, as they all lit their cigars, "you and I will have a turn at billiards."

The billiard-room and the smoking-room communicated with one another by double doors, one of which was of green baize, and through these the host and his young friend at once disappeared, leaving Holt and Dalton together. They sat down opposite to one another, at a table by the open window, with their legs stretched out before them, and their coffee by their side—to all appearance, a very cozy couple. In front of them rose the crags of Bleabarrow, just silvered by the rising moon. For a minute or two nothing broke the silence save the babble of the river, and the dull and almost noiseless click of the balls in the next room; both men's faces lay in shadow, but it could be seen that Dalton was gazing on the scene without, while Holt's elbow leaned on the table, and his eyes were shaded by his hand.

"This Bampton business is a devilish awkward one for me, Holt."

"Yes, indeed."

"I fear it will have a bad effect with some of the doubtful ones. It was so important to appear to be important just at this crisis. And I spoke so confidently about the matter at the board."

"You had a right to feel confident."

"Of course I had. If a score of those fellows had not turned out to be the greatest liars upon earth—Jenkins and Fuller, for example, voted dead against me, though I had their written promise. I have got evidence against Griggs with respect to Fuller. There never was a clearer case of bribery in this world."

"You are not thinking of a petition, however, are you?"

"Well, no; that would, under the circumstances, be sending good money after bad."

"If you unseated Griggs, they would have a shot at you, you mean."

"Perhaps; though I don't think they would hit me; but the fact is, I have got no money to petition *with*."

"The thing stood you in more than you expected, then?"

"My good sir, it cost me twice as much—three times. When it came to the last pinch, neither of us cared how deeply we were dipped. It was like being 'pricked' at whist. I could not have imagined that there was such an excitement in the thing."

"Many a great family has been crippled for generations, my dear Dalton, at the same game."

"That is no sort of consolation to me."

"Of course not; I only meant that you

showed no unsound weakness in putting the pot on ; that you have nothing, in fact, to reproach yourself with."

"By Heavens! but I have, Holt. It was not ambition, it is true, that sent me down to Bampton, but it was a piece of business of a very speculative kind. I feel that now, when the thing has gone the wrong way, I do assure you. Mind, I don't blame you, but I ought never to have risked it."

"Indeed, my dear Dalton, you should not blame me; my ideas, as you know, by no means coincided with yours upon the matter."

A short, sharp laugh broke from Dalton's lips. "You are not going to say that you always advised me not to go to Bampton, and prophesied what would come of it, are you?"

"Not at all, my good friend. But I protest against being considered the cause of your calamity. For my part, I thought your election a certainty, and, considering your position and prospects, well worth any reasonable sum. *Voilà tout*."

"Let's stick to plain 'English,'" answered Dalton, sharply, "which anybody can perceive is your mother-tongue."

Mr. Holt's pronunciation of the French language was imperfect, and the way he threw his hands out in deprecation of his friend's remarks was certainly not a good imitation of Continental "action;" but the reproof seemed unnecessarily severe.

"It is plain that you are out of temper, Dalton, and, therefore, unfit to discuss business matters, else I had something serious to say to you."

"That is, you have some bad news to communicate."

"I am sorry to say I have."

"Well, spare me it to-night, at all events. I beg your pardon, Holt, if I said anything offensive; but the fact is, I hardly know what I say. When I think of what this infernal election will cost me—close upon four thousand pounds—"

"What!" exclaimed the other, in horrified accents.

"Not a penny less, upon my honor. I say, when I think of the money I have thus flung away for nothing, and *whose* money, I feel as though I could blow my brains out—that is, if I have any brains, which, after such a piece of folly, may well be doubted. I felt ashamed, when I came back to-night, to look my own wife and children in the face."

"Yet, you were doing what you thought the best you could for them."

"No, I wasn't," answered the other, impetuously. "I was gambling with the money I had stolen from them, in hopes to get it back again; just as the shop-boy does who robs his master's till, and then, to make restitution, goes to a betting-office and backs the loser."

"Nay, nay; you stole nothing, and have robbed nobody, Dalton; so much, at least, you may comfort yourself with, under all circumstances. What you have done was at worst an error in judgment."

"An error that will bring down those belonging to me, however," went on the other, vehemently, "from competence to what, by

contrast, they will feel as poverty. What a dolt, what an idiot, I have been, to imagine that I was fitted to become a Leviathan of the city, that I could make a colossal fortune by mere wits and common honesty!"

"You have been honest enough, Dalton," answered the other, dryly; "and that, as I say, should always be a comfort to you."

"Comfort! How can you talk such stuff as that, when I tell you what has happened? You have no ties, no responsibility of your own, or you could not do it. I tell you, when I have paid this Bampton bill, I shall have frittered away, from first to last, three-quarters of my fortune—nay, of my children's fortune. I don't know what your bad news is, though I suppose it is more trouble about the board; and if I lose my directorship—which, with this *fiasco* at Bampton, is more than likely—I have only one good horse left out of the whole string—the *Lara*. I snatched a look at the paper yesterday, and found the shares steadily rising. If that goes on, I may still recoup myself. I am bound to say, you did show good judgment *there*, Holt."

"To buy, and then to sell out; that is what I did."

"I did not know you had sold out; but, at all events, you must have made a pretty penny."

"Dalton," said the other, gravely, "my bad news is about the mine."

"The mine!" exclaimed the other, starting from his seat, and turning deadly pale. "The *Lara*! You don't mean to tell me that anything has happened to that?"

"I got this from my clerk this morning," replied Holt, producing one of the little notes, with the contents of which we are already acquainted, from his pocket. "Of course, things may not be so bad as they seem—"

Dalton snatched the slip of paper from his hand, and read aloud:

"*Mem.—Brooks has cabled as follows: 'Sell Laras: whole concern a plant.'*"

"Brooks—who is Brooks?"

"He is the local agent at San José. The news is but too true, I fear. Brand is very careful."

"Good Heavens! you talk as if I had but fifteen pounds at stake, instead of fifteen thousand. A plant? That means a swindle. Did you *know* it was a swindle, sir?"

"I will not answer such a question, Dalton: I can make every allowance for your excitement, but I will not submit to insult. I believed in the mine as much as you yourself did, up to six hours ago; and I had at one time almost as much money in it as you had. I always warned you to be content with a good premium, and to realize."

Dalton did not appear to hear him, but kept his gaze still fixed upon the memorandum, with its few fatal words. "*Sell Laras*—what does the man mean by that? How can I sell them when I know the scrip is but blank paper?"

"Just so; and especially when everybody else knows it. But Brooks is Brazil-bred, and has a Brazilian standard of commercial life. It is too late, of course, to do anything of the sort, even if you would. There have been other telegrams besides this man's:

I read in the city article of the *Times*—it lay within your reach in the drawing-room, to-night, and I trembled lest you should have cast your eye upon it—that the shares had become unquotable."

"Fifteen thousand pounds," groaned the unhappy Dalton; "and four thousand this week! Good Heavens! they will have nothing to live upon—my poor, poor darlings!" It was strange to see how the loss had stricken him. The lines in his face seemed to have already deepened, and of the gay *débonnaire* expression that had so characterized his features there was nothing left. Holt, too, was by no means unmoved. His face had paled, and, if there was no pity in his eyes, that may have been through their incapacity of expression; his tones had pity in them as he replied:

"They have a friend in *me*, Dalton, please to remember—if I may venture to say as much. Whatever I can do—"

At this moment there was a knock at the billiard-room door, evidently administered with the butt-end of a cue; and Mr. Campden's voice was heard bidding them good-night.

"I won't disturb your confab; but I'm off," he said, rather lugubriously; for his time was come when he must need suffer avenging fires for the transgressions of the day.

Dalton waved his hand impatiently; and Holt, understanding the gesture, answered for him, "Good-night." He waited a little for his companion's acknowledgment of his offer of friendly aid, but, since the other did not speak, he again addressed him:

"What I wished to say to you, Dalton, is, that I am a rich man. I got a 'pretty penny,' as you have suggested, by selling out of the *Lara*, as I wish from my heart that you had done; and my purse was tolerably well lined before. I beg to offer it—to any reasonable extent—at your disposal; to assist you, and those dear to you—Nay, I mean no offense—"

"There *is* offense," exclaimed Dalton, vehemently; "everything from you is an offense just now. One thing only you can do—this moment—for which I will thank you."

"Consider it as already done: what is it?"

"Leave me."

Holt rose at once.

"You will shake hands, Dalton, at least. Though things have gone wrong with you, it is not my fault."

Dalton neither moved nor spoke; but his eyes, still fixed upon the crags without, looked fierce and hard.

"You will think better of this, as regards myself, to-morrow, old fellow; I make every allowance for your feeling sore with everybody at this moment, even with a true friend."

He threw a sharp glance round the room—the tables, the mantel-piece, the very book-shelves were all swept by it.

"Thank goodness, there are no knives about," he murmured; then softly closed the door, and left the ruined man to his own thoughts.

"THE LAND OF THE SKY;"

OR,

ADVENTURES IN MOUNTAIN BY-WAYS.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XVII.

"And there are haunts in that green land, oh! who may dream or tell
Of all the shaded loveliness it hides in grot and dell,
By fountains flinging rainbow-spray on dark and glossy leaves,
And bowers wherein the forest-dove her nest untroubled weaves?"

THERE is an enchanted flavor about the days that follow. They are the very cream of all our summer idling. We are "on the hills, like gods together, careless of mankind," and this exaltation has a charm difficult to define. The clouds which discharge themselves upon the valleys below, while we sit serene and secure on the mountain's crest, are types of many other things. Down on that heavenly-looking plain all the vexations and troubles of existence are rife, while we are uplifted above them, and hardly disturb ourselves to wonder how the world is pursuing its course. We even grow indifferent to the mails—sure sign of content!—and scarcely glance into a newspaper.

"There is no telling when we shall be more than four thousand feet above the sea again," says Sylvia, "so let us make the most of it."

There can be no doubt that we do make the most of it. The air of Caesar's Head stimulates to exertions that would be impossible in a less bracing atmosphere, and we soon become accomplished pedestrians, taking our way, alpenstocks in hand, to all places of interest and note around the mountain. These places are almost inexhaustible. People who come and see only the view from the Head have no idea that they leave unseen behind them tenfold more than that. It is only a part—and a small part—of the abounding loveliness which lies within reach of all who do not fear a little exertion. Being in the midst of the Blue Ridge—which makes here its sweeping curve between the Carolinas—one can wander in no direction without finding scenes of the grandest beauty, cliffs and palisades of rock, great sweeps of wooded mountains at hand, with blue ranges afar, fairy-like glens where the cool splash of water is never still, and the limitless expanse of the azure low-country. But, however far we may have wandered, however steep the way may have been, we never fail to gather on the Head when evening comes, to watch the sun sink behind the western hills. What magical coloring we see on land and sky at these times, what wonderful cloud-effects, what visions of a glory that seems almost celestial, only a poet could tell, and the poet who shall sing to the world of these fair scenes has not yet arisen.

On an evening of this description we are scattered over the rocks, and the sun is sinking among clouds that remind one of the cohorts of the Assyrian king, so gorgeously

are they "gleaming with purple and gold," when Mrs. Cardigan directs our attention to a silver crescent, shining faintly out of the sky above.

"There is the new moon," she says. "It is good luck to see it for the first time in a clear sky. I hope the good luck is for my journey to-morrow."

"Are you going to-morrow?" Sylvia asks. "What a pity! Why should you end anything so pleasant as these golden days?"

"Because my friends are going," the lady answers, "and I don't know that there is any reason why I should remain behind. This life is delightful, and I dislike exceedingly to leave you all, with whom I have spent so charming a time, but there comes an hour when all pleasant associations must end. I have come so far with you that I wish I could induce you to come with me now.—Mr. Markham, is there no chance of such a thing? Let me see how many inducements I can offer! First, the North Georgia scenery—my friends talk of stopping for a glimpse of Tallulah and Toccoa."

"I fear that we must defer seeing Tallulah and Toccoa until we take our trip next summer to the Balsam," Eric answers. "It is necessary for us to turn *our* faces homeward. In a day or two we shall start for Hickory-Nut Gap."

"These are the last days of September," says Mr. Lanier. "The summer is very nearly ended—in fact, may be said to *be* ended."

"But autumn is better than summer," says Sylvia, "and I want—oh, I desperately want—to spend October in the mountains. It is beautiful everywhere, but it must seem divine here, when—

... his winds blow fresh, and his sunsets flame,
And the whole earth burns with his crimson fame,
The prince of the months—October."

"There can be no doubt that people, as a rule, leave the mountains much too soon," says Eric, "but the claims of business take me home, and I shall take the rest of you."

"If they will be taken," says Mrs. Cardigan, "but I offer a warm welcome and two or three weeks of further idling to all deserters."

In making the offer, she looks directly at Mr. Lanier, and it strikes me as a little odd that this gentleman seems a trifle embarrassed as he pulls his mustache.

"Can there be any kind of an understanding between them?" I think—and then I look at Sylvia.

The countenance of the latter is altogether inscrutable. She is gazing calmly into space, and, if there is a suspicion of an amused smile dimpling the corners of her mouth, it is the only sign she gives of appreciating the game of the fair widow.

Presently the sunset fades, and the different members of the party begin to straggle back toward the hotel. Neither Charley nor Rupert is with us. Two or three days before they went down to Buck Forest for hunting, and have not yet returned. Mrs. Cardigan and Eric leave the Head first, Sylvia lingers to watch the crescent moon brighten from silver to gold as the glowing tints die out of the sky, and of course Mr. Lanier lin-

gers with her. I leave them on the rocks to go down the winding path which leads to the mouth, remembering that I left my sketch-book there earlier in the day.

I stay a few minutes and then climb leisurely back. When I have nearly reached the top, I pause in consternation. What is this?—Words full of significance reach my ears. Believing that they are alone, Mr. Lanier has plunged into his long-deferred declaration, and has plainly met his certain rejection.

"I do not wish to press anything which is unwelcome upon you," I hear him say, in such tones of mingled mortification and pride as rarely come from a man's lips on any other occasion, "but if you would take time to consider—"

"It is unnecessary," Sylvia interrupts. "You would have a right to consider me a coquette if I gave you any hope that my answer could ever be different from what it is now. If I have seemed to encourage you at any time, I hope you will pardon me. It is not always easy to know one's own mind—and I have not known mine until lately."

"And are you quite sure that you know it now?" he asks, anxiously.

"I am quite sure," she answers, decidedly. There is a moment's silence after this.

"Dear me!" I think, "what an uncomfortable situation for me! Shall I go back to the cave and try to skirt round the boulders and get away without their seeing me?"

While I hesitate, in doubt which plan to adopt, Mr. Lanier's tones again break on the stillness.

"I suppose that means," he says—his voice betraying all the sore jealousy which he feels—"that Kenyon has been more fortunate than myself."

"It is not necessary," says Sylvia, haughtily, "to introduce any other name into this conversation. I am very sorry for the pain which I may be forced to give you; but you must believe that my answer would be the same under any circumstances."

"If he believes *that*," I think, "he has less penetration than I give him credit for."

Mr. Lanier does not believe it. If the unpleasant fact of rejection is certain, what man is going to lose the satisfaction of believing that a prior infatuation for some other man is the cause of it?

"Your preference for Mr. Kenyon has been so marked," he says, stiffly, "that others besides myself have remarked it."

"That means Mrs. Cardigan, I suppose," answers Sylvia, scornfully; "but may I beg to know why you thought it worth while to ask your question of a few minutes ago, if my preference for Mr. Kenyon seemed to you so 'marked'?"

"This is becoming stormy," I think. "Really I must get away." Then I succeed in skirting the boulders unobserved, and take my way to the hotel through the falling dusk.

I have not been seated on the piazza fifteen minutes when the others appear in sight—walking silently, as I observe with an inward laugh. They bear themselves very well, however, when they join the com-

pany, who greet them with inquiries about their late stay.

"We were watching the new moon," says Sylvia. "It is lovely."

"But it has the old moon in its arms, which I have been told is a sign of bad weather," says Mr. Lanier.

"How can you make such a disagreeable prophecy," says Mrs. Cardigan, "when we all want the good weather to last until we are out of the mountains?"

"You will be out of them to-morrow," he says, "and on reflection I am inclined to accompany you. I think I have had enough of the beauties of Nature for one season."

"Indeed!" she says—and the interjection is full of significance. "In that case you will not feel inclined to go with us to Tallulah?"

"No—only as far as Greenville," he answers. Then he turns to Eric—"You are going to Flat Rock, are you not?" he asks. "May I trouble you to take my horse that far and return him to my uncle? One of your servants can ride him, can he not?"

"Certainly," Eric answers. "There is no difficulty about that, but I am sorry you mean to leave us."

"I am sorry to be obliged to do so," the young man answers, with a commendable attempt at civility, "but I—ah—have business which calls me away."

After this there is nothing to be said, and consequently silence falls. Everybody knows what has happened as well as I know it. Aunt Markham grasps my arm with painful force, and, muttering something about "night-air" and "rheumatism," leads me into the house and faces me solemnly.

"What does this mean?" she asks, as if I were accountable for the vagaries of a young man in love. "Can it be possible that Sylvia has discarded Mr. Lanier?"

"I am afraid she has," I answer. "He would hardly be likely to go away unless something of the kind had occurred."

"Good Heavens!" says Aunt Markham. For a minute she can say no more than that, her feelings being too deep for utterance. Then she shakes her head in wrathful indignation. "The misguided girl!" she says. "I give her up! I will have nothing more to do with her affairs! She will never have a better offer—never! And to refuse it—for what?"

She asks the question with tragic effect, but I am not provided with an answer; so I only shake my head, and, since some one comes in at the moment, further conversation is impossible.

Mr. Lanier adheres to his resolution, and Mrs. Cardigan has the pleasure of carrying him off in her train the next morning. It is a pleasure much lessened, however, by the consciousness that he is a rejected suitor, and that everybody in the little world which she leaves behind is aware of the fact. She shrugs her shoulders aside when she bids me good-by.

"I suppose I shall have to play consolator," she says. "It is not at all in my line. Can you suggest any appropriate form of consolation?"

"I have no doubt you will soon find

one," I answer—and so we part. The last I see of Mr. Lanier he is pensively pulling the ends of his mustache, and gazing down at his boots. Perhaps he is reflecting on the mountain-sides up which he has toiled, the end whereof is weariness and disappointment.

A few days later we find it necessary to leave this dwelling in the sky. There comes a morning when the carriages and horses stand before the door, when the trunks and boxes, the grasses and ferns, the wraps and umbrellas, are brought out, when hands are shaken and last words uttered, when we bid a cordial farewell to our kind hosts, and roll away.

We pause on the Head for a view of the wonderful prospect, but a gray mist is shrouding it—a mist which later in the day will lift with soft and beautiful effect, and which wavers to and fro, now revealing the sea of dark-green foliage below, and the massive outlines of the neighboring mountains, then capriciously closing over them again; but we cannot wait for it to disperse.

"After all, perhaps it is better so," says Sylvia. "Nature wears a veil in order that her loveliness may not make it too hard for us to go."

We accept this explanation and return to the carriages. Before we have gone half-way down the mountain, all signs of mist have vanished, and the sun is lighting up the depths of the woods with lances of gold.

The drive to Buck Forest is delightful, and when we reach the latter place we find Charley and Rupert, who have not troubled themselves to return to Caesar's Head, ready to join us.

"We've had glorious hunting!" the latter declares at once, while the former brings a pair of antlers which he presents to Sylvia. "You spoke as if you might like them," he says, "so I thought I would offer them to you. I am sorry that I have not been able to get the fawn for which you expressed a desire."

"I am not sorry," she answers with a laugh. "It would have been very troublesome to carry; but thanks for the antlers. I am glad to have them, and I shall keep them in memory of our pleasant expedition."

While she speaks, I see that Charley is surveying the party with an expression of surprise. After a minute he falls back, and I hear him say to Eric:

"What the deuce has become of Lanier?"

"He went down the country a day or two ago with Mrs. Cardigan," Eric answers. "I think he has had enough of mountains to last the rest of his life."

Charley laughs—half amused, half scornful.

"What did such a muff ever come to them for?" he asks.

This is all the sympathy which the muff in question obtains from the person whom he esteems his fortunate rival. Indeed, Aunt Markham is the only member of the party who mourns his departure. Sylvia is evidently relieved, and something of a tacit reconciliation takes place between Charley and herself. So, in a state of amicable good-fel-

lowship, we bid our friends at Buck Forest farewell, and set our horses' heads toward Hickory-Nut Gap.

The road leads us through the pass where the Little River pours in foaming rapids down to the house where we spent the night on our way to Buck Forest. Then we bear away to the right, and, leaving the fertile valleys and wooded hills of Transylvania behind, ascend to the high plateau of Henderson. The highways here are as admirable as any traveler could desire—white and firm, and flecked with shade. The horses appreciate them after the hard service which they have recently seen, and carry us along at so good a rate of speed that the afternoon is not half gone when we find ourselves in the midst of the settlement of Flat Rock. Country-seats appear on all sides; avenues of white pines, lovely park-like grounds, surround them; sometimes the house is invisible, and we see only the broad gates and the sweeping carriage-drive that leads to it. There are signs everywhere of the rock formation which gives a name to the region. On the hillsides are great sheets of brown-stone, and everything indicates that the same stone forms the foundation of the country.

"I suppose you are aware that this is a provincial Charleston," says Eric. "Long ago, a number of the wealthy planters of the South Carolina coast built summer residences here, and made a society within themselves. A spirit of change has passed over the place since the war, I understand, and a few outsiders have come in and bought some of the residences; but, on the whole, it is still, socially as well as picturesquely, attractive."

"And the climate is perfect," says Aunt Markham.

There can be no doubt of this fact. Almost on a level with the summit of the Blue Ridge lies the plateau, and though not much higher than Asheville, its atmosphere is very much drier, owing to the absence of streams. The peculiar brilliancy of the air, to which we have by this time become accustomed, is nowhere more marked, and the average temperature is remarkably even.

There is an excellent hotel here, which we find filled with South Carolinians. The distinctive Charleston face appears, the distinctive Charleston accent is heard on all sides.

"We have got back to civilization," says Aunt Markham, complacently looking round on the carpets and easy-chairs, which we have not seen for so long that we have almost forgotten that they exist.

"If this is civilization, it seems very tame after our life in the woods," says Sylvia, discontentedly.

"Civilization always seems tame to outlaws," remarks Charley.

"No doubt you all feel like resting this afternoon," says Eric, addressing the company, "but we will spend to-morrow here, and you may like to visit some of the places in the neighborhood."

At this suggestion Sylvia shrugs her shoulders in disdain.

"As if, after all that we have seen, we could care about mere parks and pleasure-grounds!" she says.

"I shall be glad to see some of them," says Aunt Markham. "I may obtain an idea for the new flower-garden at home."

Consequently we set forth the next morning on a round of sight-seeing. It is not worth while to record our impressions of the different places to which we are conducted. Country-seats with lawns and terraces, artificial lakes and flower-gardens blazing with brilliance, are to be found in many parts of the world besides Flat Rock. Aunt Markham is greatly interested, but the rest of us are unequivocally bored, and find it difficult to repress a sentiment of contempt for the "views" which we are called upon to admire. In truth, many of these are very lovely—but they strike us as tame after the wilder scenes from which we come. This is not the fault of the views, however, as we are magnanimous enough to admit.

When we think of returning to the hotel, Eric says: "There is one more place where we will go. It is called 'the old De Choiseul House,' and was built by a certain Count de Choiseul, who lived in Charleston for some years and had a summer residence here. The place has a very foreign aspect, and was uninhabited when I heard of it last."

We turn into a disused road leading across an old field thickly set with golden-rod and wild-asters. This leads up a gradual slope, and finally through a fallen gate into what has obviously once been a park, but is now an overgrown wilderness.

A wilderness of singular beauty, however—a domain so fair, so deserted, so still, that we think of the legends of knights and ladies wandering in enchanted woods. Shall we meet Una here, or *Jaques* pouring out his melancholy to the trees? So we ask each other, smiling at our own folly in associating these fables of the Old World with this New World beauty. Yet there is something in the aspect of the wood suggestive of such thoughts. The road which we are following has plainly once been laid off with great care and regard to effect, but now the untrimmed boughs droop so low over it that more than once they threaten danger to our eyes, and the mouldering leaves of many autumns are crushed by our passing wheels.

No sign of any habitation appears as we go on, following windings and curves which seem endless, farther and farther into the world of fairy greenness. Golden sunshine streams softly into the gloom, crimson touches appear here and there on the trees, ferns and mosses grow luxuriantly on the damp hill-sides, down a rocky glen a stream comes flowing in a lovely cascade. There are traces of paths around this, and a rustic bridge falling to decay.

Not far from this spot we obtain our first glimpse of a house through the dense verdure. A few minutes later we emerge on a broad, sunny terrace, and find that we have approached from the side a château of gray stone, with a finely-arched doorway and handsome wings. The style of architecture is altogether French, and the house appears to be in a state of very good preservation. The doors and windows are securely fastened, so we cannot enter; but it is easy to tell that the rooms are spacious and lofty, while the

windows of the ground-floor are wide and tall, and open on the terrace.

The situation is simply superb. The house faces toward the west, crowning a hill, which, from the terrace already mentioned, slopes abruptly down for at least a hundred feet. Below is a stretch of meadow-land, through the midst of which a stream marked by fringing willows takes its way. Beyond are woods rich with autumnal beauty, their varying tints making a glowing background. Behind are bold hills, and again behind these the blueness of distant mountains.

"What a place to drink after-dinner coffee, and talk after-dinner gossip!" says Sylvia, regarding the terrace with approval.

"What a place to talk sentiment by moonlight!" says Charley.

"A very good place for luncheon, I think," says Aunt Markham.—"Rupert, bring the basket from the carriage."

"Eric, tell us something interesting about the people who lived here," cries Sylvia. "Make up something if you don't know anything to tell. It is a place which bears every appearance of having a story connected with it. Why should it be deserted in this melancholy fashion? Is it haunted?"

"If so, I am not aware of the fact," says Eric. "The Count de Choiseul was an elderly gentleman of elegant habits, who lived here—with his two daughters, I believe—and no doubt often took coffee on this terrace."

"An elderly gentleman, indeed!" says Sylvia, with scorn. "I know better than that. He was young, and handsome, and melancholy, like all poetic exiles, with dark eyes and a fascinating smile."

"And a snuff-box," says Charley.

"Being wealthy and charming," Sylvia goes on, "he soon persuaded a young American beauty to discard countless adorers and marry him. They lived here very happily until the arrival of a mysterious stranger from France."

"There is too much mystery in the story," says Rupert. "I object to it. Come and take some chicken. It is very good."

"After this," proceeds the narrator, "a change came over the young bride. She seemed to shrink from her husband; she grew pale and lost her beauty. In the end she died mysteriously, and her ghost walks up and down this terrace every night."

"What killed her?" asks Rupert, with his mouth full of the chicken he had praised.

"The loss of her beauty, probably," says Charley. "That is a death-blow to some women."

"The best story-telling is that which leaves a margin to the imagination," says Sylvia. "I should like to enter this house. I have no doubt I should find her chamber in one of those wings, with everything exactly as she left it—even to a pair of blue-satin slippers."

"I should like to find *those*," says Rupert. "If you will indicate which wing you think her chamber likely to be in, I'll climb up and break open a window."

"I don't wonder that anybody, whether in the flesh or out of it, should come to admire this view," says Eric, who is seated in the shade of the arched door, with a sand-

wich in one hand and a chicken-wing in the other.

It is difficult to say how long we linger after luncheon is over, watching the loveliness of the shadow-dappled scene. The beauty, the subtle sadness, are too deep for expression. Save for the occasional notes of birds, everything is profoundly still. The bright sunshine seems full of pathos. On each side of the silent house is the interlacing shade of the park—

"Now dim with shadows wandering blind,
Now radiant with fair shapes of light."

At last we wander off to explore further. Behind the house, on the slope of a hill, we find a conservatory and grapery, with a broken flight of steps leading to them. Both are falling to decay, the glass broken, the flowers and vines dead. The grapery is large, and must have been beautiful, I think, as I stand within, picturing green leaves and purple clusters of fruit, with the sun beating warmly on the glass roof. The reality is very different from this picture—a melancholy vine with a few yellow leaves clinging to it, and a bird distressfully fluttering to and fro. The conservatory looks quite as sad. Round the door a few petunias have taken root and are flourishing. Sylvia stoops and pulls one.

"For a souvenir," she says.

I want a souvenir also, but I prefer one from the house, so I turn my steps in that direction. Over the rear of the building a growth of English ivy spreads, climbing to the very roof. It is in bloom, and I have seldom seen anything more beautiful than the deep green of the leaves and the delicate tint of the blossoms against the soft gray stone. I pull a long spray, and, thus laden, go back to the carriage where Eric is calling us.

"I am glad that we came here," says Sylvia, as we drive away. "The other places which we have seen are only ordinary country-seats—charming enough in their way, but thoroughly commonplace. *This* is a deserted castle in an enchanted wood."

WATCHING.

HE loitered up through the meadow,
His foot in the trailing swath;
He stooped where the keen scythe's blade had
passed,

And plucked the aftermath.

And oh, love! and ah, love!

And what shall my sad heart say?

What bold prayer breathe by night, love,

It durst not breathe by day?

She sat by the open window,
Looking unto the west;
And the sun went down, and the stars came up
Beyond the gray hill's crest.
And oh, love! and ah, love!
And when will his footsteps fall?
The skies are empty and barren, love,
But God is over all!

A step on the garden-walk,
A shadow under the stars,
And the moon's first gleam slides sudden through
The twilight's jealous bars.
And oh, love! and ah, love!
And open, love, to me!
My heart is knocking at thy door,
Ah, lift the latch and see!

BARTON GREY.

THE TERRORS OF THE LOST.

M. JULES VERNE, in his work, "The Mysterious Island," depicts the finding of a certain boatswain upon a small island, after a solitary residence there of twelve years' duration. This unhappy person is described as being covered over his entire body with a thick suit of hair, giving him the aspect of an ape. He is also devoid of speech, save certain unintelligible sounds, and his intellect is a blank. Evidently his reason and memory of language have both been lost for a series of years. The actions of this poor creature are those of an animal, and his habits are filthy and brutal in the extreme. He resists the efforts made to capture him, and makes repeated but futile endeavors to escape.

On the island is also discovered the dwelling originally occupied by the boatswain during the period of his first advent, but now evidently long since fallen into desuetude. It contains some cooking-utensils, ammunition and firearms, a Bible, and some seeds, so that the castaway had within his reach the means of appeasing hunger, comfortable shelter, and a fair amount of food for the mind. Despite all this he had lost his reason, fled his dwelling, and lived like a wild beast in the forest. Having most of the essentials which contribute to comfortable existence in communities, the man had doubtless become insane from lack of companionship. At first, probably the life was novel, and engaged his intellectual faculties by the drafts which it made upon them. Further on, he longed for sight of a human face, for human sympathy and companionship. This desire grew upon him, becoming at length the one absorbing thought, which mastered and excluded all others. Then the desire for physical exertion waned; the mind, dead to all else but its intense longing for fellowship, corroded and fed upon itself; reason wandered, tottered, and fell, and the man became a mere animal. Having been of a somewhat fierce and intractable temperament before insanity, he became a wild and nervously-energetic animal. Then came a season of exposure to the elements, and a life led by the lower animals, during which Nature wrought her mysterious changes in him, and set her peculiar marks upon his person. He acquired a suit of thick hair in lieu of clothes, and his facial development intensified into that of an ape. All this happened because the boatswain lacked companionship. He was lost to the world.

After his capture the lost insane man gradually recovered his sanity. By degrees the tones of his former language returned to him, and he resumed its use upon occasion. But the major portion of the twelve years passed upon the island were, and always would be, a blank to him. He had no more memory of them than if they had never existed.

But, unfortunately, M. Jules Verne deals in fiction, and we must accept his statements *cum grano salis*. Now, let the writer relate a veritable history:

In the year 1834, a Mr. Davis, an officer of the Hudson Bay Company, left York Factory, on Hudson Bay, in the annual vessel visiting that port, destined for England. He took with him his two eldest daughters, for the purpose of having them educated in England, leaving his wife and remaining children at an interior fort in the company's territory. Mr. Davis was a highly-educated Englishman, of stanch *physique* and unshakable intellect. No question of his sanity had ever been raised, or that he was not the peer of any in his rank in life. The vessel enjoyed a prosperous voyage, and reached London in safety. Mr. Davis placed his daughters in a suitable school, then passed some time in visiting among his relatives in that vicinity. At length he received notice, from the company's office in Fanchurch Street, that a vessel would sail for York Factory on a certain date, in which he would be assigned a stateroom. It was intended to send two vessels that season with the annual outfit, one to precede the other by a week or more.

Mr. Davis sailed in the first ship, which encountered heavy weather almost from the time of starting. The seams of the vessel were opened by the violence of the elements, so that almost continual pumping was necessary. As the American coast was neared, the condition of the vessel became more precarious, until, one stormy morning, she went down near a rocky island of considerable extent. Nearly all the vessel's crew and passengers who could swim effected an escape to land. This number at that time was not supposed to include Mr. Davis, although he was known to be an expert swimmer. He did not, however, appear upon the island, and was naturally supposed to be drowned. The miserable survivors remained upon the rocky coast about a week, when the second vessel passing took off what remained of them alive. This ship reached York Factory in safety, and reported Mr. Davis as drowned with numerous others. Word was sent to that effect to his family and relatives, and his accounts adjusted with the company. He was a gentleman of some wealth, and his family were left in comfortable circumstances. The vessel remained at York for a month, taking on her cargo of furs, and then set sail for England.

As she was passing by the rocky island, the scene of the rescue of the first ship's survivors, the lookout announced that he saw a man sitting upon one of the rocks. The statement was received with incredulity at first, but the sailor repeated it with so much assurance that the captain mounted to the cross-trees to look for himself. Sure enough, there was a man sitting on the rocks. The ship at once headed for the island, and anchored. While the anchor was being cast, and the boat lowered and manned, the castaway approached the vessel and sat upon a rock in plain view, as if awaiting the arrival of the boat's crew. He was clothed, and apparently in good outward repair, considering the circumstances, and was recognized by the captain and some of the crew who knew him as Mr. Davis. They hailed him, but he returned no answer. No particular atten-

tion was paid to this, however, and the boat was pulled rapidly toward land. What was the astonishment of the crew, when the boat neared the shore, to see Davis leave his seat and run rapidly toward the interior of the island! They landed and pursued him, but failed to overtake him before he became lost to sight among the rocks. A tolerably thorough search of the rocks resulted in no further indications of his presence, and the chase was reluctantly given up. Among the more credulous of the sailors it was of course believed to be Davis's wraith; but the practical captain and crew, who had known the man well, insisted on his bodily presence, and so reported it on their arrival in London. The story was received somewhat incredulously, however, and finally dropped from mind.

The following season, nevertheless, the lookout of another vessel made the same discovery, and another landing ensued, with the same results. Davis disappeared suddenly, but entirely. He still wore the clothing he had on when wrecked, though in a sadly tattered condition. After that he was seen again in a nude state.

In the fourth year after his shipwreck a party landed from a company's vessel, and endeavored to catch him. They pursued him closely, and used every means to close his avenue of escape. But Davis ran with almost incredible speed, leaping high rocks with apparent ease, and at length escaped from sight altogether. On this occasion he was covered lightly with a coat of hair. In the seventh year the unfortunate man was seen, I believe, for the last time, having then a heavy suit of hair over his entire body, and a beard of great length. He was at that time some fifty-six years of age. The attempts made to capture him, and the circumstances of his condition, were but little noised abroad by the officers of the company on account of his afflicted family; but no one, finally, expressed the least doubt of his identity, or that he had become crazed under the terrible conditions of the shipwreck. The story reached the writer through a daughter of Mr. Davis, and was corroborated by officers of the company cognizant of the circumstances; so that he relies implicitly upon its veracity.

Here again was an insanity brought about by the loss of human association, augmented, perhaps, in this instance, by the lack of matter to attract the mind. Davis certainly was supplied with food—probably from the shellfish and seals cast up by the sea—and with shelter of sufficient warmth to protect him from the inclement weather, so that it must have been influences extraneous from dread of death, from lack of mere animal necessities, which produced the insanity. The extreme fear of man manifested by him was probably caused by that general feeling of terror which seizes lost persons and renders them fearful of every animate object, or it may have been the result of a revulsion of feeling upon a subject which occupied every power of thought when sane—that is, the intense desire to see a human face. Davis, being a man of strong mind, and of active, energetic habits, would be liable to more violent feelings of terror, despair, and desire for com-

panionship, than a person of less mental acumen and of more apathetic temperament. His mind would eat itself out far more rapidly than would that of a comparatively ignorant person. The higher the intellectual standard of the lost individual, up to a certain point, and the more gregarious his habits of life have been, the sooner and more severely will the lost feeling attack his sanity in the majority of instances. I recall an instance of this fact in the case of a passing acquaintance, a Mr. James Mackenzie.

This gentleman was a clerk in charge of a trading-post at Georgetown, Minnesota, who started in the winter season, along with three others, to visit Fort Garry. The means of conveyance consisted of mules and a wagon, instead of the ordinary winter traveling-apparatus of the country—snow-shoes and dog-sledges. Mr. Mackenzie was a first-rate traveler, and accustomed from boyhood to such work. He knew the country well, and, for a man of his strong constitution, the severity of the winter's cold had too few terrors for him. At a place called Pine River Crossing, he volunteered, as the party with which he traveled had run short of provisions, and their wagon, in consequence of bad weather, traveled heavily, to push onward alone, with the intention of sending back assistance from the fort. He followed the track correctly until nightfall, when he lost his way, probably in an attempt to find a shorter route. The succeeding morning he resumed his journey, but in the wrong direction; and, after another night spent on the plain, running about in a circle to preserve warmth, his third day's travel brought him within thirty miles of the fort, and very far from the track. Here hope seems to have deserted him; and, after having hung a portion of his clothes on a tree to attract the attention of any passer-by, he lay down and was frozen to death. When his dead body was recovered, he lay with one hand on his heart, the other containing a compass.

It was easily comprehended by the experienced plain-travelers who found the body that Mr. Mackenzie, on realizing himself as lost, must have grown so excited as to lose his presence of mind, or he would have known his necessary general position with regard to the river, and have acted otherwise than he did. With his practical knowledge of the use of a compass, and of the country over which he traveled, he could have brought himself to any point he chose; but the lost feeling had bereft him of reason within three days. Being of more than average intellectuality, and of gregarious habits, he succumbed with corresponding rapidity.

The influence of this feeling upon those of a lower order of culture, and of a different temperament, may be seen in the case of a half-breed, named Lavie, personally known to the writer. This person was by occupation a *voyageur* during the summer season, and a trapper and hunter in the winter. His mental standing was very ordinary, being unable to read or write, and his habit apathetic, living much alone. Some of his ponies having strayed off upon the prairie during the winter months, Lavie went in quest of them. The prairie was a native heath to

him, which he had trodden from infancy with the same assurance that ordinary mortals walk the pavement. He had no fear of being lost; every depression in the snow-clad earth, every stunted shrub, was a landmark to guide him on his way. Yet, after an absence of half a day, a storm arose which obscured the landscape, and Lavie, despite his prairie-craft, found himself lost. He accepted the situation, and, knowing that any efforts to extricate himself until after the subsidence of the storm would prove fruitless, set about making preparations for his safety from freezing. He attached himself to a clump of cottonwood-trees as a landmark, and walked in a circle about it. Night came on, and he still walked. Day followed, and night again found him still walking, with the storm unabated. At length his moccasins wore off his feet. He took the long mittens from his hands, and tied them to his feet in lieu of shoes. Then he walked on through the third, fourth, and fifth days and nights, supporting life by chewing his leather hunting-shirt. The sixth morning found his feet frozen, and striking the beaten path like bits of wood; his hands in a like condition, and his face but little better. During that day, however, some wandering Indians discovered him in an apparently dying condition. They took him to a neighboring military post, and, after the surgeon had bereft him of portions of both feet and hands, and taken a piece from his face, Lavie got well.

When found by the Indians, it is worthy of remark that, with the exception of exhaustion, the man was mentally more acute than when he was first lost. During all those fearful days and nights the combination of terror, despair, and, above all, longing for fellowship, which really constitute the lost feeling, had striven against that dull intellectuality and apathetic temperament in vain. There were an indifference to, and an ignorance of, the finer parts of the torture, which effectually shielded him from danger. He simply did not know enough to experience any of the feelings which would have wrecked a higher order of intellect. True, he knew that if the storm subsided he could escape; but this assurance could not of itself have supported him after the fourth day, probably, when, had he been capable of entertaining it, the lost feeling would have overcome him.

Among the numerous instances which have come to the personal notice of the writer as illustrative of the fact that a visitation of the lost feeling almost invariably produces insanity, and that, generally speaking, the higher the order of intelligence (always up to a certain point) of the lost person, the more painful, if not fatal, will the insanity prove, I know of none better than the following:

There was employed as a farm-hand, in a certain place where the writer resided, a deserter from the United States Army. He was a young man of rather more than ordinary ability, and tolerably conversant with prairie-life. It was the custom of the farmers of that region to cut hay at some distance on the prairie in the rear of their farms, stack it on the spot, and haul it to the barns in the

winter as required. In accordance with this established usage, the young man in question was dispatched with ox-sleds one winter's day after hay. He took with him, for the sake of company, a boy belonging to a neighboring farm—a little lad of about twelve years of age, and not particularly bright. They did not expect to be absent over three or four hours. The stacks of hay were distant about two miles from the farm-house, on the prairie, and entirely out of sight of fences or other landmarks, but a well-beaten track led to them.

About two hours after their departure, a terrific storm arose, rendering objects at the distance of a few yards invisible by reason of the swirl of snow driven by the fierce winds. Some fear was entertained for the safety of the lads, but it was argued that by that time they would have reached the stacks, and, by digging into them, could remain in safety until the subsidence of the storm. At all events, no one could go to their relief. The evening wore on with no abatement in the violence of the storm; and, as it was impossible to extend aid to the sufferers, they remained out all night. In the morning the oxen they had driven out were found in the cattle-yard. They had their yoke on, and had evidently been loosed and turned adrift. In the afternoon of the day a party was organized to visit the stacks, and with considerable difficulty proceeded there. They found the road entirely obliterated, and the snow drifted in fantastic shapes over the prairie. Reaching the stacks, no trace of either man or boy was found; and a further search of three consecutive days failed of tangible results. On the fourth day, however, the boy was found under a snow-drift, frozen stiff. He had all his clothes on, and was evidently following the trail of the cattle when overcome by the cold. About one hundred yards distant, in a directly opposite direction, the shoes, mittens, cap, and outer shirt of the man were found in the snow, but no trace of the owner. The experienced prairie-men engaged in the search announced immediately that he had discarded his clothing in a fit of insanity, and discontinued the search as useless. When the snow melted from the ground in the spring, the body of the unfortunate man was discovered sitting at the base of a tree on the banks of a stream six miles away. It was entirely destitute of clothing, saving a single garment.

Now, here were a boy of dull intellect following a judicious course on being lost, and using the calmest reason in his efforts to escape; and an intellectual man who became crazed by the same circumstances within twenty-four hours. Not that it is to be understood that the lost person must necessarily be possessed of intellectual culture in order to become crazed by the lost feeling, or that an uncultivated person possesses an immunity, by reason of his comparative ignorance, from that feeling and its general consequences. It simply goes to augment the mass of proof tending to show that the feelings of terror, despair, and desire for sympathy and companionship, acting upon a cultivated mind, unhinge it from the sheer capacity of that mind to more acutely and intensely experi-

ence them than can the untutored intellect which is on a plane below such keen appreciation of its situation. The very combination going to make up the lost feeling must have been educated up to a certain standpoint by the general culture of the individual before it can so totally and entirely assume possession of him as to induce insanity. Then, too, the insanity produced comes under that class of mental aberrations known as temporary, in this respect at least, that, when the lost insane is placed in the companionship of his fellows again, his intelligence gradually returns, and he becomes, after a time, as sane as before. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule, but it is true in nine cases out of ten.

The first sensation on being lost is one of absolute and total bewilderment—a bewilderment so intense as to produce for the moment an almost perfect blank in the mind. The lost one is incapable of summoning thought sufficient to realize anything—to consider his present situation, or take measures for future action. It is an indefinable state where all is chaotic; quickly succeeded, however, by that all-pervading terror which chains thought and action in a manner nearly akin to death—a vague, shapeless terror, imagining all possible horrible things, and painting mistily and hazily upon the numbed faculties nameless miseries yet to be experienced: a slow death by starvation or thirst; exposure to the devouring elements or wild beasts; tortures of every imaginable description, always ending in a lingering death; and, above all, never more to look upon a human face, never more to share human sympathy—a going out in utter darkness, perfectly alone. Then Despair joins Terror, adding her tortures; and lastly comes that all-powerful, all-pervading yearning for human companionship which, blending with the two former feelings, unhinges the intellect and renders the man insane. The beginning of such an experience happened, once upon a time, to moi, qui vous parle.

I started one bright autumnal morning to visit a friend residing five miles distant from our home. Both houses were situated on the immediate banks of the Assiniboine River, which took a great bend between the two, leaving them on the extreme points of the arc. From my door-step the timber about my friend's dwelling could be plainly seen across the intervening plain, and *vice versa*. It was an unbroken prairie country, and the back-door yard may be said to have extended to the Rocky Mountains. Over this level expanse, however, were scattered clumps of cottonwood-trees and bushes, which limited the view of the traveler over it to, say, a quarter of a mile in every direction; that is, the timber-copses occurred so frequently that in no locality could a perspective of greater extent be obtained. Running nearly parallel with this river, with an intervening space of six miles, flowed a small creek called *Rivière Sel*. The banks of both streams were lined with timber of about equal height, and the perspective lines of these two rows of trees, merging into one in the distance, seemed to place the traveler over the intervening space in the midst of a circle. From

any eminence these dark timber-lines could be traced distinctly; but, from the level prairie, the number of smaller trees obstructed the view.

I started about eight o'clock of a bright morning, the sun shining clearly in the heavens. The horse I bestrode was fresh from civilized stables, entirely unaccustomed to the prairie, as was his rider. As I could see my friend's house from where I stood in the doorway, I intended striking to it directly across the cord of the arc formed by the river, instead of taking the more roundabout road along the banks of the stream. I entertained not the slightest doubt of my ability to find the way, as, in any event, I would know my general position by always having the river at my right hand.

I trotted gayly along, choosing my road around the clumps of trees without hesitancy. These timber-copses were so dense as not to be penetrated; but, in passing around them, I endeavored to keep the same general direction, inclining, if anything, to the right, in order not to lose the river. In this way I journeyed on at a pace of not fewer than six miles an hour.

It must have been at least two hours from the time of starting (having no watch with me I was unable to tell exactly) when the sun, beating on my head with considerable force, occasioned the thought that I ought to be at my journey's end. I surely had been traveling long enough at a rapid rate to reach it. Expecting every moment, however, to see the house standing before me, I jogged on at increased speed for half an hour more. At the expiration of that time I saw, looming up before me, the dark line of timber bordering a stream; and, thinking that perhaps I had struck the river too low down, I rode up to it. What was my surprise to find it was the little *Rivière Sel* that I had reached, instead of the Assiniboine! Despite continually leaning to the right, I had gone obliquely to the left. I felt considerably vexed at my lack of skillful guidance, but no alarm. I knew that I was at least six miles from my friend's residence, and that I must be opposite to it, or even farther on; but, then, all I had to do was to strike straight across to the right, and I must inevitably reach the Assiniboine at or near my destination. So I turned squarely about, and galloped sharply across the country.

This rate of speed was continued for about an hour, when I again discovered the trees lining the banks of a water-course in my way. Feeling perfectly assured now that my troubles were over, I rode up to the stream. There was the *Rivière Sel* again before me! I had simply described a circle of probably eight miles in circumference. This time I was thoroughly alarmed and vexed. The idea of becoming lost in that limited territory, with such general landmarks to go by, seemed to me ridiculous. Yet, the same thing might occur again. To avoid such a recurrence, I noted the position of the sun, the general direction of the creek, so far as its course could be seen, made calculations of the direction I would have to take to reach a point directly opposite the one on which I stood, and rode off again.

The alarm of being lost, though only momentarily, as I believed, had made me nervous and excitable, and I put the horse at an increased rate of speed in my desire to reach quickly some well-known landmark. In doing so I was careful to keep the sun in a certain relative position on my right, thinking that a safe guide, as I had often heard of people traveling by it alone. Now, let me say just here that there is no theory quite so fallacious for an inexperienced traveler as this matter of sun-guidance; for, let him be as careful as he will, he can keep the sun in the position he requires, and yet go round in a circle. A strange fact, too, is that he will almost universally go round to the right. After one has become somewhat accustomed to prairie or ocean travel, he almost intuitively learns how to be guided by the sun, and can travel by it; but I do not think it can be learned by a neophyte at one lesson.

After three-quarters of an hour's travel, in spite of all my precautions as to landmarks and general direction, I again brought up at *Rivière Sel*! I can scarcely explain the feelings which possessed me on beholding its banks for the third time. I was lost. I was bewildered, dazed, confused. There was a general feeling that I was lost, and yet a lack of mental capacity to appreciate the fact. The intellectual force to grasp the present situation, or devise plans for the future, seemed lacking. It was a complete and vacuous bewilderment, in which the only thought definable was the general one of being lost. This affected the physical man with stupor. There was no desire of motion or action of any sort; only to stand still lost in the mazes. To this succeeded a feeling of fright—a mild form of terror. I became scared at what might be the results of being lost. As the possible accidents of such a condition passed rapidly before the mind, the feeling of fright intensified, and took possession of the physical body. I became violently active, and ran to and fro in fruitless and unintelligent efforts to find a landmark. The perspiration burst from every pore from the excitement under which I labored. I was unable to collect my thoughts for a considerable time sufficiently to think over the best course to pursue. At length I mastered my fright enough to mount the horse, and stand up in the saddle, in hopes of being able to see the line of woods on the other stream. But I could see nothing. This increased my fright, and I galloped out a short distance on the prairie and shouted, though I knew there could scarcely be any one within hail. But I must be in motion, and so rode on shouting, and of course increasing my excitement with every breath.

I soon thought better of this, however, and determined to strike for the river again, as it seemed to be the only feasible course. If I kept to the right, I could certainly reach it; and I surely had enough mind to keep to the right. So I rode on and on, bearing stubbornly to the right. All this time my imagination was haunted by visions of what would happen to me if I was lost. These visions all terminated in a lingering death, and were of such kaleidoscopic hues that my fright became actual terror. And

over that hung, like a funeral pall, the dazed, bewildered feeling that took away the power of reasonable thought.

After I had ridden for some time, I struck an old disused cart-track on the prairie. I was overcome with joy at sight of it, considering myself found again. My terror vanished, leaving only a vague fright, which would not be satisfied until the track had been explored, and found to lead in the right direction. I rode down it, in what I supposed to be the right direction, for about half a mile, when it disappeared in marshy ground. Thinking that probably I had mistaken the way, I turned about and followed it in the other direction. At the distance of a mile it faded away in the prairie, and I could find no trace of it again.

When I realized that I had lost the only thread which promised to restore me to life, the terror which had left me in a measure again took possession of me with increased power. It was a powerful, pervading terror, but not definable as to its object, excepting a general dread of a lingering death in some form. Added to this came despair of ever being found again. As the terror increased—as it did constantly from the horrible pictures presented by a morbid imagination—so the despair augmented also, until it became almost impossible to think on any definable subject at all. I would pass minutes during which I could not afterward tell what thoughts had occupied the mind. It seemed a perfect blank. It did not even occur to me that, in following the track in the last direction, I had turned completely about, and was returning to *Rivière Sel*, until I was upon its banks. Though I knew that of course I ought to be there from the direction I had taken, yet, when I found myself by the stream again, the feelings of terror and despair deepened. I immediately turned about to retrace my steps, without observing any distinct course of travel.

I was too much confused and bewildered to lay any definite plans, and had only one general thought—a desire to see some one again. It did not point to any particular individual as the person to be seen; any face would do, so it was human. I would have hailed the appearance of my worst enemy with delight. This desire, as I journeyed on, took almost complete possession of me to the exclusion of the other feelings, and especially of that vague bewilderment which overshadowed me. There was nothing misty or hazy now; all the faculties seemed awfully acute, and all ringing the changes on one cry, "I want to see some one!" It seemed to me that I must see a human being again; that it was impossible I should always be alone. "Oh, if I could only see somebody!" This was the burden of my thought. Every other earthly object dwindled into insignificance before that intense desire for human companionship; in fact, I thought of nothing else.

I rode on thus for nearly an hour, sometimes at a rapid pace, at other times at a gentler gait. Then I looked up, and saw a column of smoke rising straight into the clear sky, but a short distance off. I galloped rapidly toward it, and, rounding a clump of

trees, appeared suddenly before a man burning chips in his door-yard. I was found again, two and a half miles from where I had started from in the morning. It was four o'clock in the afternoon.

In relating this experience, the writer arrogates to himself only a peculiar susceptibility to the feelings of terror and despair, and a comparatively social habit. He believes firmly, however, that another day of such experience would have resulted in temporary aberration of mind.

H. M. ROBINSON.

GATHERINGS FROM AN ARTIST'S PORTFOLIO.

BY JAMES E. FREEMAN.

IX.

MY TERRACE.

A STRANGER standing upon the tower of the Capitol of Rome, and casting his eye below and far beyond, will be struck with the wonderful panoramic view presented to his notice—a scene as beautiful to the eye as it is impressive for its historic interest.

After noticing the more prominent objects, his attention will be directed for a moment to what might be taken for turreted towers or mural fortifications of times gone by. They are, however, only terraces erected on the tops of dwellings, which from their elevated position command an extensive view of the city, and are important features of the domicile. These terraces are usually flagged with blue-stone, and sufficiently level to afford a delightful promenade on a cool summer-evening. To make them more attractive, little arbors are frequently constructed on one side, covered with luxuriant vines, climbing roses, and flowers of various kinds and hues.

Not far from the gardens of Sallust, and where Messalina enacted her last *orgia*, stands a modern five-story building, having at its summit one of these airy terraces. In its immediate vicinity it overlooks the usual picture of courts, gardens, tile-roofs, obtrusive dormer-windows, chimneys, weather-cocks, and other unattractive objects; but, once free from these, the gaze sweeps over the City of the Cæsars undisturbed. In the south are seen the Albin Hills and the Mediterranean; in the east, over the Esquiline, the Latian and Sabine Mountains. On the west the view is bounded by the Vatican, St. Peter's, the Leonine Quarter, and Monte Mario; while the Pincio and Villa Malta shut from the sight the far-away Serractus; and on the north is the Campagna. Yonder stately pile is the present residence of united Italy's popular sovereign, and beyond is the Capitoline mount with its signal-tower; and there, in deep shadow, is the grand old tower of Nero. Again, on the right, are Trajan's Column, and the dome of the Madonna di Loreto. Here upon this terrace, and in sight of so many objects of interest, a silvery-haired artist takes his daily walks, and the reader will please recognize in him the young painter who in the preceding chapters, thirty-five years ago,

made his last entry in a juvenile note-book, from whose pages he gathers reminiscences of the past.

Will you accompany him in his walks upon the terrace, and permit him to use the pronominal of the first person while he relates to you, in a familiar way, a few of the scenes and events connected with some of the edifices which your eye will rest upon? Could you but visit the terrace on one of those beautiful evenings in early summer, when the cool air from the mountains, charged with the scent of many flowers, fans your cheek, and see the moon just hovering over Monte Cavo, tipping with silvery light the column of Antoninus, and on her downward path behind the mountain sending a parting kiss to the dome of the Pantheon, while the soft gray light gradually sinks into bewildering masses of shade, you would be struck with the beauty and grandeur of the scene, and say it was one of the most enchanting spots imaginable.

Below, far and near, sleeps Rome, with her three hundred churches, her palaces and ponderous obelisks, her fountains and mighty ruins. Now cast your eyes just below my terrace, and you will see a garden full of plants and luxuriant shrubbery, with ivy-covered walls, as high as those of Rome, inclosing a formal row of buildings with small, balconied windows, and a belfry with two little bells. This is a noted convent with its cloisters, and near by you see the church of St. Giuseppe. Could this convent tell you its history, and record the scenes enacted within its walls, it would afford material for many a startling romance in which fiction is blended with painful reality. While walking on this terrace I have heard a sweet, plaintive voice from the convent garden breathing an evening vesper, and then, as if in jarring contrast, the screech of that ill-omened bird the vulture would come from yonder cupola of St. Andrea delle Fratte. It is a favorite haunt of theirs, and nightly have I heard their discordant cries break upon the still air. The rooks, too, have a fancy for the uncanny-looking and grim walls of this old church. At sunset they darken the sky, wheeling and chattering around the grotesque belfry, and often have I seen seven of them sitting on the cross, three on each lateral branch and one perched on the highest point, while others roosted on the eaves, cornices, and roof of the church.

This old church of St. Andrea delle Fratte is much used for grand funeral-ceremonies. It was not long since I saw the body of an amiable and much-beloved American lady lying in state in the nave of the church, and heard music aiding the solemn rites, so grand and touching that the coldest heart would have melted at the sound.

Among the popular incidents connected with this sanctuary is one which occurred during my residence in Rome, and, whether true or not, it was religiously believed by the devotees who worship at the shrine of St. Peter: A rich young Hebrew, attracted by a pretty Roman girl, had followed her to the church and to a particular chapel in it, before which she knelt to say her prayers. The Hebrew also knelt as close as might be permitted by her side, and, gazing vacantly at

the altar, moved his lips in mimicry of devotion. Suddenly a picture of the sainted Mother appeared to him, and with a superhuman look of pity and gesture warned and reproached him for the sacrilege. There was no picture of the Madonna in the chapel, and the apparition seemed to be for him alone. The young man was so affected by the vision that he abjured Judaism and became a Catholic; and, to commemorate the event, he commissioned the Chevalier C—— to paint a picture of the holy Mother as she appeared to him, and presented it to the chapel to which he owed his conversion. Whether he ever married the pretty Roman girl, I was not informed.

There is not probably a church or convent in all Italy which has not some story or remarkable event connected with it, much of which is either fiction or mere superstition, wrought out of the vivid imaginations of a people who delight in everything that borders on the mysterious or supernatural. Yet mingled with these stories and superstitions are too often painful realities, of which the world knows but little, and never would know unless revealed by some eye-witness who chose to relate them.

Years have gone by since I witnessed a scene in this church of St. Giuseppe, which made a lasting impression on my memory.

The scene was that of "taking the veil," and the attending circumstances were so romantic that, were it not for my acquaintance with some of those connected with it, the facts I am about to relate might be considered one of those sensational love-stories with which modern literature abounds. The subject of this scene of "taking the veil" was a lovely Spanish maiden of noble birth, who had renounced the world with all its attractions for a life of humiliating care and self-abnegation. I saw her costly dress and priceless jewels exchanged for the simple habit of a monastic recluse; her glossy, chestnut curls cut rudely off and thrown upon the floor; her eyes bent meekly on the ground or closed, as if to shut out the sight of those once cherished objects. It was a scene most impressive and interesting, not only for its solemnity, but on account of the great personal attraction of the fair recluse. The features, though not strictly classical, were fine and in exquisite harmony, with large, Andalusian, dreamy eyes, full of warmth and sympathy; they were features belonging to the type frequently met with on the island of Capri, a mixture of Greek and Iberian blood. On her pale lips and placid face there was an expression not unlike that of Beatrice Cenci, as painted by Guido, when on her way to execution. The pallid cheeks had evidently known recent tears, but now there was cast over them a touching shade of resignation, as she bade farewell to the world, with all its charms and painful memories. It seemed to me cruel to deprive society of one of its fairest ornaments, and many present who witnessed the scene doubtless felt so, as they saw her pass through the door of that part of the monastery appointed to the Lady Superior, never to re-pass its threshold again.—"Per Bacco!" exclaimed a young Italian, "this is too bad, to shut up

such a charming creature. I will take the veil myself, or blow up the monastery. Jesu! did you ever see such eyes?" With these and similar expressions the crowd dispersed, and the doors of the church were shut. Inez's history is a sad one, and as it is connected with the fate of a very promising young artist, whom I well knew, and who was much esteemed by all who knew him for his many virtues, manly character, and remarkable talent, I will relate it.

X.

INEZ AND BERNARDO.

THE father of Inez, Don Alfonso de Valerez, was a Spaniard of noble birth, who idolized his daughter as the most precious object belonging to him, except, perhaps, his rank and wealth, and these he devotedly worshiped more for her sake than his own, as she was his only child, and would inherit his immense estates with the proud name attached. This consideration, more than aught else, gave her a fearful interest in his eyes, and awakened an alarm lest illness, insanity, or death, should rob him of his treasured daughter; and not least of all his fears was a suspicion that some misplaced attachment, some *misalliance*, might interfere with the chief aim and object of his life.

The mother of Inez, I was informed, was an Andalusian of surpassing beauty, and had died when Inez was very young, leaving her solely under the care of her father.

A friend of mine who had resided in Spain many years, and from whom I gathered much of this history, frequently met Don Alfonso at princely entertainments given by the noblesse in Castile, described him as an austere, moody, and irritable person, suspicious to the utmost degree of any one of less distinction than himself who spoke to or even dared to look admiringly upon his beautiful daughter. Fears for her health and suspicions of all kinds haunted him day and night; his life seemed to be one of perpetual care and anxiety.

Inez was delicate, sensitive, and excitable. The father, becoming alarmed for her health, procured the best medical advice, and a change of climate was recommended; but Don Alfonso took upon himself to prescribe for her nervous excitability. He saw, or fancied he saw, the cure in education superintended closely by himself.

Resolving to secure these advantages as soon as practicable, he prepared for a two years' exile, and set forth upon a long journey over the Pyrenees, to seek the mild and equable climate of Italy.

At this time Inez was about fifteen, and so beautiful that she never rode out with her father without attracting observation.

On their arrival at Milan, Don Alfonso placed his daughter in a seminary for the education of young patrician damsels. Here, under the rigid rules of monastic discipline, and secluded from all external influences, her mind was to be guided into wholesome channels, which would suppress her overwrought susceptibilities, while all the accom-

plishments which grace the sex were to be her daily study.

Her father, confident in the success of his plan, felt more at ease, and left Milan to visit the interesting places of the far-famed peninsula. This wandering life consoled him in a degree for his unwilling sojourn in a foreign land, and the temporary absence of his daughter. Living at home a half-feudal existence, his tastes were narrowed down to the mere local attractions of his own domain, which he fancied was superior to all others; and while seeking amusement he never neglected or lost sight of the legitimate object which brought him to Italy. Frequently he returned to Milan to inquire about Inez, and see that she was fulfilling his expectations. This going and coming went on regularly at stated periods for two years, and Don Alfonso's stately figure, mounted on a coal-black horse, was often seen on the road leading to the seminary.

On the occasion of his last visit, he was so gratified by the flattering reports of his daughter's progress, both in the useful and ornamental branches of education, that he suffered himself to unbend from his previous rigid and stern discipline, and proposed to take her into the country for a month's relaxation, and chose for the excursion that enchanting spot Como, with its beautiful lake, called by the ancients Lacus Larii, and celebrated in history as the birthplace of the two Plinys, Alessandro Volta, the eminent philosopher, and Piazzi, the astronomer. No place in Northern Italy gathers around it more historic interest, or possesses greater natural beauties. The water, clear as crystal, is bounded by undulating shores covered with the richest verdure, and the eye dwells with universal pleasure on the distant hills, and their ever-varying tints of color, lights, and shadows; precipitous cliffs spring out of deep masses of foliage, while in the distance are seen the lofty and castellated tower and walls of Baradello, which date back to the time of Barbarossa.

It was early in the month of May when the caged bird was allowed to go forth after so long a detention between dull and gloomy walls, and to fly through fields of endless blossoms; to pluck fresh rose-buds with the dew upon them; to count the many-colored butterflies rivaling in brilliancy even the flowers themselves; to listen to the chirping of crickets in the long, blue grass; to gaze on the far-off, snow-clad mountains, with such azure sky and creamy-white clouds above, and then to see them reflected at her feet in the enchanting lake; to look at the water in all its varied moods, its silver, purple, and golden ripples, as they gently break upon the shore; to make castles of shells, and people them with butterflies; to gather the water-lilies in the pool near by, sing to the birds, and offer them her flowers. All Nature teemed with life, and filled her with ecstasy. Was there anything ever so beautiful, so enchanting? Was this the fairy-land she had so often read and dreamed of?

Inez was but seventeen. Two long years of dull, monotonous study under the "suppressing system" of her teacher had not crushed out the buoyant life and sweet influ-

ences so dear and natural to youth, and she was a child again, a blithe and happy child, with no fears for the present or future, no suspicion of evil or thought of harm; every one, it seemed to her, must be kind, harmless, and loving, as herself. She might have thought, Could so much happiness last? would it ever come again?

A few days after Inez's ramble, Don Alfonso and his daughter stood upon the deck of one of the small steamers bound on a pleasure-excursion for the upper regions of the lake. It was arranged that the excursionists would spend a week or more on the lake, visiting the interesting places with which the shore abounds. There were a number of other tourists of different countries aboard, and all seemed to enjoy themselves. The scenery, so beautiful and varied, could not be otherwise than poetic and picturesque even to prosaic excursionists.

To Inez it was a celestial vision—a momentary foretaste of heaven; her face radiant with delight, she seemed inspired, as view after view broke upon her sight, and sweet music echoed the while from rocks and woody cliffs along the shore.

At this moment of supreme pleasure Fate was busy weaving the cruel web which soon was to entangle her helplessly in its meshes. She little dreamed there was one upon that deck who watched her every movement with throbbing heart—who saw and felt all the sweet ecstasy that beamed on her face and moved her breast.

He was a young Italian, scarcely older than herself, with form and features as striking as her own.

I was a passenger on the same boat; and, reclining on the guard, I could not help noticing how intently his gaze was fixed on the beautiful Inez. There was something in his face that reminded me of Raphael's portrait of his friend the violin-player—an expression indicative of deep reflection, kind and noble impulses; and in figure he seemed a happy union of Mercury and Apollo. I was sure he was an artist, and a brother feeling prompted me to make his acquaintance.

It is many years ago, but I remember well the first impression the graceful and manly figure of Bernardo Placida made upon me, nor can I forget the sad fate that awaited him. There was an habitual blithe, happy expression in his face, with no shade of care, and a gentleness of manner and desire to please that indicated a heart moved with kind impulses. Among all the male travelers on the steamer there was none who attracted more attention, both from the peculiar graces of his person and winning manners. The children, too, whom he often amused with stories, clung around him with delight. Among them was a beautiful boy about six years old, the son of a Florentine matron, who was traveling for her health. The boy had taken a particular fancy to Bernardo, and would often leave his playmates to receive his caresses.

On the third day following my introduction to Bernardo an event took place which created the greatest excitement on the boat. It was just before the third bell, when the passengers were gathered on the deck for

promenade. Don Alfonso and his daughter were among them. Bernardo, reclining on a coil of rope near the fore-castle, was watching at a distance the graceful movements of the peerless Inez. A group of children were chasing each other on the aft-deck. I had noticed Bernardo's infatuation for the maiden, and as I approached I heard him exclaim:

"Che bel modello! Dio mio, quanto è grazziosa!"

"Indeed," said I, "and do you think her of such surpassing loveliness?"

Suddenly, and before he had time to reply, a shriek came from a group of ladies standing on the aft-deck, and a voice exclaiming in anguish, "My boy! oh, save my boy!"

Bernardo heard the shriek, and, at once comprehending the cause, sprang to his feet, and, relieving himself of his coat, leaped over the gunwale and disappeared.

We all rushed to the side of the vessel and fixed our eyes on the water; the boy and Bernardo had both disappeared. Then arose the most painful exclamation of despair; the poor mother was frantic, and Inez, clasping the arm of her father in terror, almost sank to the ground.

Certainly more than two minutes had elapsed before we saw the water open, and Bernardo, holding the boy on his left arm, was struggling to gain the vessel. A boat had been lowered, and the two were speedily rescued. It was the child of the Florentine woman. He had been so long in the water that life appeared extinct.

As soon as they reached the deck Bernardo clasped the boy in his arms, and without hesitation made his way down the companion-way to the cabin, hastily removed the wet garments of the child, placed a pillow under his back, extended his arms upward, and applied himself vigorously to rubbing the body. At the same time warm blankets and other appliances were used in order to restore heat and animation. Nearly half an hour had elapsed before the child opened his eyes, and then Bernardo, with a cry of joy, pressed his lips to the boy's forehead, and hurriedly left the cabin.

It was not until Bernardo had gone out that we noticed a large pool of blood on the floor where he had been standing over the boy. I had remarked the extreme pallor of his face, and ascribed it to excitement and anxiety for the boy. Now came the painful reflection that Bernardo, in his almost superhuman efforts to save the child, had ruptured a blood-vessel, or had received some fatal injury, and search was made immediately for him; but he was not to be found either on the deck or in his room. While inquiries were making in every direction, the cabin-boy came running aft with horror depicted in his face, and informed us that one of the passengers had fallen dead near the binnacle. I followed him to the place indicated, and there lay Bernardo, his face resting on his arm, and hidden from view, while blood was streaming about his feet. The ship's surgeon soon appeared, and on examination it was found that he still breathed, but had received a severe cut

on his right leg, probably while leaping over the gunwale, and had fainted through loss of blood. The wound was dressed, and in a few moments he revived and was taken to his room. Night now coming on, the travelers dispersed and left the deck.

The following day being the Sabbath, few persons made their appearance until the afternoon. I had spent most of the morning with Bernardo, whose injuries proved to be comparatively light, and who was only suffering from extreme weakness; yet he was able to accompany me on deck, and great was the demonstration of pleasure on seeing him. The mother of the rescued boy was overcome with feelings of gratitude, and the boy threw himself on Bernardo's neck and kissed him again and again; while Inez, with face beaming with delight, gave him a sweet and approving look. It was a proud moment for Bernardo, and that look of Inez's repaid him richly for what he had done. His full, dark eyes were directed toward her for a moment with an expression that spoke more than language could tell. Inez felt it in her inmost heart; the color mounted to her cheeks as she turned away to conceal her emotion.

I knew Bernardo's feelings, and suspected that she had noticed him with more than ordinary interest before the accident; but that responsive blush revealed the truth. They had not yet spoken together, nor was it likely they would so long as Don Alfonso's vigilance prevented any approach to his daughter.

Amid the beautiful surroundings of Lake Como the hours and minutes flew rapidly by, and but few days were left to complete our excursions. Most of the travelers were persons seeking pleasure, and in visiting the many islands and charming spots in the neighborhood they were more or less thrown together, and an acquaintance naturally grew up among them. I had been presented to Don Alfonso and his daughter about the time we started on the excursion, and knew somewhat of their history from a friend who had met them in Spain.

Inez was as affable as she was pretty; but her father was distant and generally reserved, and, with the exception of myself and the captain of the vessel, he seldom exchanged a word with any one.

I have seen him sit for hours smoking his cigarettes in lofty exclusiveness, his thoughts probably brooding over his daughter's destiny, while she, obedient to his wish, would sit beside him, until the poor girl seemed weary of doing nothing. Occasionally he would allow her to promenade the deck alone; or, if on shore, I would purposely engage him in conversation about his manorial estates in Castile, a subject he never tired of, to allow poor Inez to stroll away by herself.

It was on one of these occasions, when the vessel had anchored at a spot which appeared to be more than usually attractive, that two row-boats filled with passengers left the vessel for a stroll on shore and in the neighboring woods. It certainly was a most enchanting spot. A bright mantle of green

spread out before them, over which the declining sun, brightly breaking through and under the distant trees, gleamed in golden rays, and threw long shadows reaching nearly to our feet. Light, fleecy clouds floating upon an azure sky caught the golden light, reflecting warm tints upon every object, and gradually melting into the deep shades of the forest. It was one of those peculiar effects of light and atmosphere only witnessed in an Italian sunset. In the first boat were Don Alfonso, his daughter, five other tourists, and myself; in the other, Bernardo and a party of seven or eight. On landing, Don Alfonso asked me to accompany him and Inez, while the rest of the party wandered off toward the woods, except Bernardo, who remained standing on the shore of the lake, with his back toward us, apparently watching the beautiful effects of the sun's rays upon the water.

The don, observing him stand alone, made some remarks about the bravery of the young Italian, and expressed a favorable opinion as to his unaffected and manly deportment; and, since the event of the rescue, he had even gone so far as to treat him with flattering cordiality, and, feeling the genial influence of Bernardo's grace and gentleness, he was as patronizing as a don could be.

This courteous but abnormal condescension of the father was very grateful to Inez, and doubtless kindled a hope that she might be permitted to see more of Bernardo and to converse with him. While the conversation was going on, we had approached a retired and shady spot on the margin of a little rivulet just as it emerged from the woods. Here we sat down for a brief rest, and the don became much interested in recounting a little adventure he once had while traveling in Italy. In the mean time Bernardo had struck into the woods at a point not far remote, and we lost sight of him. Inez, taking advantage of her father's conversation with me, wandered off, pursuing the direction of the stream as it entered into the woods, but, knowing her father's watchfulness and care, she never ventured out of his sight.

A few moments had elapsed when Bernardo was seen coming down the opposite bank of the creek, and with a leap he bounded over to meet Inez, and handed her some wild-flowers he had been gathering. Inez received them timidly, and, in so doing, dropped a few of her own flowers on the ground, which Bernardo quickly restored; but I saw him reserve one of them, which he pressed to his lips, and then secured in the button-hole of his vest. At this moment the don's eyes caught sight of the youthful pair, and Inez was summoned to his side. She came accompanied by Bernardo, whose open countenance and pleasant smile, as he accosted Don Alfonso, gave no indication of the little love-episode that had passed between him and Inez.

Had Don Alfonso looked at Inez's face, he might have noticed her earnest and inquiring look, and the increased color of her cheek; but the presence of the young Italian had not as yet awakened the least suspi-

cion in the don's thoughts of Inez's danger. He only saw in the youthful stranger a good-looking, intelligent, and well-bred man, who, so far as he knew, might be as rich and noble as himself.

The approaching night brought the travelers back to the shore, Inez and Bernardo lingering a few steps behind, and thus we proceeded to our boat, and were rowed to the vessel.

On the following day our little excursions were terminated for the present by stopping at one of those unpretentious, half-domestic inns which are found near the borders of the lake, surrounded with thick-leaf trees and rural gardens, filled with an unstudied growth of wild-flowers, from the imposing cactus with its brilliant colors to the modest violet, interwoven in promiscuous fellowship with vines and tangled shrubbery. At this alluring spot, close upon the water, Don Alfonso and his daughter determined to sojourn for a few days. Little caring where I went, and, taking a fancy to this quiet and retired spot, I resolved to remain there also. And Bernardo, whatever his previous intentions might have been, was not backward in deciding that this was the most beautiful and attractive place he had ever seen.

During our stay in this rustic abode, frequent little excursions were made in the neighborhood. Don Valerez, becoming accustomed to the presence of Bernardo, whose good-breeding, courtesy, and modesty, found favor in his estimation, condescended to chat familiarly with the Italian, and at times permitted him to accompany Inez in her rambles. These were short but precious moments to the young lovers pledged with celestial wings, yet were long enough to strengthen the cords which bound their hearts together.

Suddenly, Don Alfonso announced his intention of leaving on the following day to explore the remoter regions of Como, and spend two weeks in the Giro, and then visit Cadenabbia. Bernardo had learned this from the *hidalgos* himself, and whispered the place of meeting to Inez when he said goodbye.

THE POETS OF AMERICA.¹

II.

IT is convenient to begin the second period of American poetry with the year 1800. No division of the kind can be exact; but this draws with sufficient correctness the line between the "metrical mediocrity of the colonies" and the birth of our better verse. We have seen that reputation did not attach itself to an American poet previous to the eighteenth century; and that the few who attained something akin to celebrity during this period reached it rather because of the dearth of the time and the easy standard of criticism than from inherent poetic virtue. Splendid men, scholars, but no poet till Freneau. Notwithstanding the influences of our peculiar condition, we were writing, in our small way, after the fashion of the eighteenth

century the world over. Everywhere, this period was one of quantity rather than of quality, of tasteful repetition rather than of originality, of carefully-stated wholesome sentiment rather than of the freer and at the same time more dangerous productions of passion. The poet was not bold during this century. An epic was next to an impossibility. Voltaire and Southey, other things being equal, failed as signally as Trumbull and Barlow. Then was the harvest of pains-taking, didactic verse; and the spirit of Pope and of Akenside was abroad here as in England. In satire, too, we followed the masters—Pope, Swift, and Churchill. Descriptive verse—though Goldsmith and others had their weight with us—sprang spontaneously from the soil of the New World. As for elegy, we had a very madness for it from the beginning. This was natural enough; for, in early days, a man was missed when he went his far journey from which there was no return. The thin ranks were made one weaker; and it seems as if each one who had known the departed must make his individual moan. Hence the height of the ridiculous to which this sort of writing attained. It was a time of torture for editors. An extreme illustration of the host of "hearse-like carols" which fell mercilessly upon newspapers and magazines, after writings of another sort had become quite tolerable, appears in *The American Universal Magazine* of 1797:

"To our Readers and Correspondents.—As the sublime 'Ode to Washington' has doubtless cost the author much toil and trouble, we hope he will be abundantly gratified by seeing his performance in print.

"And lo, here it cometh!!

"Hail! great Washington, the tribute due to thee Is more than Can be Rhymed by me;
Thy virtues as a Statesman is well known,
The seeds of thy fame as Warrior is well sown,
Thy virtues as a Domestic man is not forgot,
For at the risk of them thy fame was bought.
Thy Conduct of Late has been Conspicuous
By Acting against the Politic Vicious.
Receive from me this unadulterated Praise,
For thou hast Character which no't can Raise."

"Gentle reader! doth the Poet seek a pension? or doth he aspire to the Laureateship?—Tell us, thou favorite of the tuneful Nine!"

We are tempted to quote, also, some quasi-elegiac "Lines to a lady who had a loose tooth extracted, and fastened in again by drilling a hole through it, and passing two ligatures, by which it was tied to the tooth on each side." Upon consideration, we will pass it. Suffice it to say, so surcharged was the very air with sombre element that the world found, as in a long-awaited shower, a godsend in Thomas Gray. With the lyrics of this period we do not care to trouble ourselves.

We again make the general observation that, like our neighbors, we were writing a great deal rather than greatly, and that in a corrective, wholesome manner, by no means to be undervalued. The fact that there was more taste than invention, more culture than genius, gave that impetus to translation which it received at this period. Men would write; and when they had nothing to say of themselves, they reported the sayings of others, drawn from sources not accessible to the

¹ Continued from JOURNAL of January 15th.

common people. The astonishing quantity written was not confined to literature. Science was searching into the smallest corners, and theorems in all her departments strewed the land like autumn leaves. Independent, rapid investigation found its way to remotest subjects. Amid a mass of material, gathered hurriedly as it was industriously, unusual patience and accuracy are required to search out the valuable of the period under consideration, where it is the labor of an advanced civilization. With us, the task is doubly difficult. Mr. Griswold grants America, in the single matter of her poetry, roundly stated, one hundred and fifty writers during the short interval of sixty years, dating from the Revolution. This compiler has been censured for being too liberal, but if we are to know the "whole truth," he is void of offense. Every tenth American citizen, from the Father of his Country down, rhymed on each intermediate subject, from the Infinite to the infinitesimal. The situation is bewildering.

It is the purpose of the writer to err—for err he must—on the side of omission; and authors will pass unnoticed who stood all but as high as their contemporaries mentioned. It is the fate of many a man to die almost famous.

On the whole, then, our retrospection goes to show us that the product of American poetry for the eighteenth century amounted in itself to very little. We will admit that the harvest was hardly worth reaping; but it was necessary that the share of Time should find it, turn it under, and so prepare the soil for the century to follow. Men cannot work without stimulus. The want of copyright between this and the mother-country was not only a confusion, but a curse. It is no time for authors when one discovers thirty editions of his own work, of whose existence he had not a suspicion. English competition was too strong for American ambition. Both countries suffered; but, while Britain's loss could be estimated in dollars, America's was that irreparable injury—the blight of national development.

At the beginning of the century there were two colleges, two public libraries, and perhaps four printers; at its close there existed twenty-seven colleges and numerous academies, many hundred libraries, and three hundred printers. This was progress; but the result did not show in the proportionate increase of meritorious literature. It is not so many years since the *North American Review* was saying of authorship in America, "Every prudent man avoids it as he does a pestilence." The sensible, kind-hearted Freneau went to the root of the matter, however, when in his counsel to fellow-authors he said: "In a country which two hundred years ago was peopled only by savages, and where the government has ever, in effect, since the first establishment of the white men in these parts, been no other than republican, it is really wonderful there should be any polite original authors at all in any line, especially when it is considered that, according to the common course of things, any particular nation or people must have arrived to, or rather passed, their meridian of opulence and

refinement before they consider the progress of the fine arts in any other light than a nuisance to the community. This is evidently the case at present in our age and country. All you have to do, then, my good friends, is to graft your authorship upon some other calling, or support drooping genius by the assistance of some mechanical employment in the same manner as the helpless ivy takes hold of the vigorous oak and cleaves to it for support. I mean to say, in plain language, that you may make something by weaving garters or mending old sails, when an epic poem would be your utter destruction." The same pathetic voice might be heard with profit to-day: "Follow my advice, who can both weave stockings and write poems."

During the last twenty years of the eighteenth century were born a round dozen of writers who were destined to command enduring admiration; two of them, Dana and Bryant, followed by Longfellow in 1807, and Lowell in 1819, to hold superior rank in American poetry. It is proposed to leave the authors above named for a more extended consideration hereafter, occupying ourselves for the present with a brief review of those less familiar.

Our poetic genius has been very precocious. It was once affirmed that "the history of American genius might be written in a series of obituaries of youthful authors." Those who have reached advanced years have rarely excelled the efforts of their youth; while in many instances death has overtaken what are termed "promising" writers almost as soon as their powers were made manifest. There must be hazard in calculating upon what might have followed had these unfortunate examples of early genius lived longer; and much of such speculation is idle. It seems much wiser to believe that such poets as Shelley and Keats do not die until their powers have reached the ultimate; and that what appears at first premature, is, in truth, a ripened growth. It is more probable that Nature is ever consistent, whether we do or do not fathom her policy. However this may be, it is the quality and not the quantity written which determines the claim of the author; and genius is genius, though it leave us credentials but four lines long. The majority of the finest efforts of the human mind have been accomplished before middle life, and not a few in extreme youth. Consequently, this method of regretting the early cessation from work on the part of genius, whether caused by death or disinclination, is perverted science. A Chatterton looks in upon us with the face of a young god, and disappears forever. Shall it be said that his glory would have brightened through long years? None then could have looked upon him. Certain instruments grow sweeter, but more deteriorate, with time. If the effort of youthful genius had been less intense, it might have been of greater duration; but, whether the force be expended at once or by degrees, in either case it is as surely gone.

To bring our theory home, though we name Sands, Eastburn, Drake, promising poets, it appears to us that what they promised they perfected. Are we warranted in the belief that time would have brought to

Drake a more exquisite power than that which permeates every line of "The Culpit Fay," or lent him material for a stronger flight than his national ode?

Through all his delicate imagery, we feel the still more delicate Drake; and, like an autobiography of his own fleeting, mid-air life, we read those closing lines:

"The hilltops gleam in morning's spring,
The skylark shakes his dappled wing,
The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn,
The cock has crowed, and the Fays are gone."

With the two young friends, Robert C. Sands and James Wallis Eastburn, the reader ought not to be, but probably is, less familiar. Sands died at the age of thirty-three, Eastburn at twenty-two. The latter was born in England, but educated in America. Both were essentially American in spirit and sympathy—Sands in particular. No man before or since him has been more thoroughly imbued with the life peculiar to his own people. The metrical romance "Yamoyden," which brings their names together before us, was planned by Eastburn, and executed by them jointly, though their respective portions were written apart, the one writer being in New York, the other in Bristol, Rhode Island. It was begun in 1817, and finished in something more than six months. A poem founded upon so new and difficult a subject as the life and times of King Philip, running as it does through six cantos—written thus hastily and that from scanty material—is of necessity an imperfect performance. But, with all the hindrances which surrounded the plot and its execution, the authors grappled so successfully that their work well merits the name of poem. The greater portion of it is Sands's, and with him more particularly we shall deal. "Yamoyden" was not published till after Eastburn's death, when his survivor revised the whole and prefixed an admirable poem, the first stanza of which is now quoted:

"Go forth, sad fragments of a broken strain,
The last that either bard shall e'er essay!
The hand can ne'er attempt the chords again
That first awoke them in a happier day.
Where sweeps the ocean-breeze its desert way,
His requiem murmurs o'er the moaning wave;
And he who feebly now prolongs the lay
Shall ne'er the minstrel's hallowed honors crave:
His harp lies buried deep in that untimely grave!"

Still finer is the next stanza:

"Friend of my youth, with thee began the love
Of sacred song; the wont in golden dreams,
'Mid classic realms of splendors past to rove,
O'er haunted steep and by immortal streams;
Where the blue wave with sparkling bosom gleams
Round shores, the mind's eternal heritage,
Forever lit by memory's twilight beams;
Where the proud dead that live in storied page,
Beckon, with awful port, to glory's earlier age."

The closing stanzas hold to a like sublimity. We are reminded of no less a bard than Milton. The poem teems with pictures of Nature rarely excelled. One stanza from the second canto describes evening in the depth of the forest:

"Solemn it is, in green-woods deep,
That magic light o'er Nature's sleep;
Where in long ranks the pillars gray
Aloft their mingling structures bear—
Mingling, in gloom or tracery fair,
Where find the unbroken beams their way—
Or through close trellis flickering stray,
While sheeny leaflets here and there

Flutter, with momentary glow.
'Tis wayward life revealed below,
With checkered gleams of joy and woe!
And those pure realms above that shine
So chaste, so vivid, so divine,
Are the sole type that heaven has shown
Of those more lovely realms, its own."

Again, in the same connection:

"Round moon, how sweetly dost thou smile
Above that green, reposing isle—
Soft cradled in the illumined bay,
Where from its banks the shadows seem
Melting in filmy light away!
Far does thy tempered lustre stream,
Checking the tufted groves on high,
While glens in gloom beneath them lie."

Sands was a student not only of Nature, but of man; and he ever sheds through his descriptions a glint of human passion. His knowledge of mankind was most subtle, or he had not been able to catch as he did the very soul of the Indian. The reviewer was compelled to say: "We do not remember anything finer of the semi-infernal kind, except Shakespeare's witches." He had implicit faith in the poetic wealth shut up in the reserved Red-man. He sought it, found it, and portrayed it. "With true confidence in the inherent resources of his own country, and splendid indifference to the foreign cry of 'lack of historic association,' he thus discourses on domestic literature:

"Poetry and prophecy are identified by all rude nations, as they were by the American Indians. He who would employ their machinery in verse, needs not introduce barbarous names insusceptible of being euphonized; but may employ, directly, the personification and its attributes, and in so doing speak the universally-intelligible language of poetry. An exhaustless mine, too, of metaphor and simile is open in the fancies and habits of these nations: the wonders, phenomena, curiosities, and productions of the country, but as yet little employed. The perception of these belongs to the original mind; and, it seems, some sacred bard is yet to arise among us, in whose hand shall be the hazel wand at whose bidding the fountains of domestic poetry are to flow, freshly and purely, from our own native soil. The altar and the sacrifice are prepared for the rite, which is to propitiate Nature, to inspire her votary with the divine afflatus—the priest alone is wanting."

These are grand words, and pertinent to-day as when they flowed from the patriot's pen. He was but a boy when he sought to establish the truth of his convictions in the romance before us:

"... Know ye the Indian warrior race?
How their light form springs in strength and grace,
Like the pine on their native mountain-side
That will not bow in its deathless pride,
Whose rugged limbs of stubborn stone
No flexuous power of art will own,
But bend to heaven's red bolt alone!
How their hue is deep as the western dye
That fades in autumn's evening sky;
That lives forever upon their brow,
In the summer's heat, and the winter's snow;
How their raven locks of timeless strain
Stream like the desert courser's mane;
How their glance is far as the eagle's flight,
And fierce and true as the panther's sight?"

Here is the insight and fervor of Byron. In the third canto we find our Indian despairing, as he hears in the distance the triumphant song of the white man. Sitting "in his light canoe on Seaconet's troubled wave," he listens to the voice of the "Chris-

tian warrior," and the poet thus describes its effect upon him:

"Fair breathes the morn: but not for him
Its floods of golden glory swim,
The outcast wretch forlorn;
There is no sunrise in his breast,
He turns him from the kindling east,
And, like some wandering ghost unblessed,
Flies the sweet breath of morn."

No less true is the revolting picture of an old squaw of the Pow-wahs:

"Close by a couch with mats o'erspread,
As if a pall that wrapped the dead,
Sat crouching one who might besem
The goblin crew of a monstrous dream;
For never did earthly creature wear
A shape like that recumbent there."

A woman once—but now a thing
That seemed perverse to life to cling,
To rob the worm of tribute due;
Her limbs no vesture covering,
No season's change, nor shame she knew.
Burned on her withered breast she bore
Strange characters of savage lore;
And gathering up her bony frame,
As fiercely raged the mounting flame,
Not one proportion equal told,
Of aught designed in Nature's mould.
Her yellow eyeballs, bright with hate,
Rolled in their sunken sockets yet,
With sickly glare, as of charnel lamps
That glimmer from sepulchral damps."

Then follows a vivid description of the "Initiate's Dance," which we would there were room to lay before the reader.

This poem is so full of native force and beauty that we are loath to leave it with this imperfect review. There are several songs in particular, than which we have nothing finer of the kind. For instance, the "Song of the Pow-wahs," beginning—

"Beyond the hill the spirit sleeps,
His watch the power of evil keeps;
The Spirit of fire has sought his bed,
The sun, the hateful sun, is dead.
Profound and clear is the sounding wave,
In the chambers of the Wakon-cave:
Darkness its ancient portal keeps,
And there the spirit sleeps—he sleeps."

Weirder still is the "Song of the Priestess," as the hag hurls Yamoyden's child over the precipice:

"The black clouds are roving
Athwart the dull moon,
The hawks high are roving,
The strife shall be soon."

One stanza from the conclusion, and we close the volume.

"'Tis good to muse on nations passed away,
Forever, from the land we call our own;
Nations, as proud and mighty in their day,
Who deemed that everlasting was their throne—
An age went by, and they no more were known!
Sublimar sadness will the mind control,
Listening time's deep and melancholy moan;
And meaner griefs will less disturb the soul;
And human pride falls low at human grandeur's goal."

The authors of such a poem as this, incoherent though it be as a whole, and not wanting in crudities, should be remembered by those who take an interest in American literature. Much more is suggested in "Yamoyden" than is carried out, and the author of to-day may study it to his profit. *It is native.*

As a scholar, Sands was both profound and accomplished. As a student of ancient and modern literature and language, he prob-

ably had no superior in his day. As a writer he was prolific and surprisingly rapid.

Valuable as was his editorial work, magazine writing, and even his legal compilations, we can but regret that he left the higher walk whereto his noble bearing belonged.

We are well aware that Rockwell, Wilcox, the Davidsons, and others, deserve more than the mere mention of their names in the category of America's short-lived poets; but this would carry us outside our limits.

We cannot, however, pass Pinkney; after whom, and for the last under this division, we shall speak somewhat at length of Brainard.

Edward Coate Pinkney, who died at the age of twenty-five, left a few poems, chiefly lyrical, which compare favorably with any productions of the kind in the English language. The mistaken idea that he abused his genius by treading on unhallowed ground, has, no doubt, in a measure, checked the admiration which he would otherwise have received. He was of that searching order of mind destined to be misunderstood by those who wish to see and hear of nothing below the surface; but so wanting in proof are all accusations of immorality on the part of this gifted youth, that it is his time he should no longer suffer under an imputation so unjust as this: "Pinkney's is the first instance in this country in which we have to lament the prostitution of true poetical genius to unworthy purposes."

Byron had his Jeffrey, Keats had his Gifford, and it is not surprising that Pinkney had his Pecksniffs.

After he had roved the seas for nine years, like so many of his fellow-poets he attempted to practise law, and met with the usual success of such endeavors. In 1825 he published a small volume of poems, at Baltimore, and in three years from that time died.

His fragment "Rodolph," together with most of the shorter pieces of this volume, was, undoubtedly, written while the author was sailing the Mediterranean. "Rodolph" is indeed a fragment, but all through it burn the power and passion of the poet. A wife's lover slays her husband; the woman then goes to a convent and there dies; while the murderer wanders over the earth tormented with remorse. We suppose this is one of the author's immortal efforts—but should not have thought of it of ourselves. The death of the unfortunate woman is thus described:

"She ceased to smile back on the sun,
Their task the Destinies had done;
And earth, which gave, resumed the charms
Whose freshness withered in its arms;
But never walked upon its face,
Nor mouldered in its dull embrace,
A creature fitter to prepare
Sorrow, or social joy to share.
When her the latter life required,
A vital harmony expired;
And in that melancholy hour
Nature displayed its saddest power,
Subtracting from man's darkened eye
Beauties that seemed unmeet to die,
And claiming deeper sympathy
Than even when the wise or brave
Descend into an early grave.
We grieve when morning puts to flight
The pleasant visions of the night;
And surely we shall have good leave,
When a fair woman dies, to grieve."

Whither have fled that shape and gleam
Of thought—the woman, and the dream?
Whither have fled that inner light,
And benefactress of our sight?"

There is a magic in the closing interrogations difficult to describe. Again he speaks of delusive pleasures:

"Deceitful as that airy lie,
The child of vapor and the sky,
Which cheats the thirsty Arab's eye."

Then follow these lines, which smack of Keats:

"Only the palm, heat-loving tree,
Or bird of happy Araby,
May burn, and not to die."

And Wordsworth might have written these:

"The warm and tender violet
Beside the glacier grows,
Although with frosty airs bent,
And everlasting snows."

But it is in his shorter poems that we find Pinkney at his best. The reader will discover, in one stanza of "Italy," a faultless exhibition of descriptive power:

"It looks like a dimple on the face of earth,
The seal of beauty, and the shrine of mirth,
Nature is delicate and graceful there,
The place's genius feminine and fair;
The winds are awed, nor dare to breathe aloud;
The air seems never to have borne a cloud,
Save where volcanoes send to heaven their curled
And solemn smokes, like altars of the world."

Then, with the same master-hand, he lays before us the beauties of our own native wilds, in "The Indian's Bride":

"Why is that graceful female here
With yon red hunter of the deer?
Of gentle mien and shape, she seems
For civil halls designed,
Yet with this stately savage walks
As she were of his kind.
Look on her leafy diadem,
Enriched with many a floral gem;
These simple ornaments about
Her candid brow, disclose
The loitering spring's last violet,
And summer's earliest rose:
But not a flower lies breathing there
Sweet as herself, or half as fair—
Exchanging lustre with the sun,
A part of day she strays—
A glancing, living, human smile,
On Nature's face she plays—
Can none instruct me what are these
Companions of the lofty trees?"

And further on we come to these lines, equally original and beautiful:

"They have not been reduced to share
The painful pleasures of despair;
Their sun declines not in the sky,
Nor are their wishes cast,
Like shadows of the afternoon
Requining toward the past."

If we only knew Beauty when and wherever we found her, we would not suffer such lines as these to go from memory. Once more, what a deep, sad tenderness pervades "The Picture-Song":

"They could not seemle what thou art, more excellent than fair,
As soft as sleep or pity is, and pure as mountain-air;
But here are common, earthly hues, to such an aspect wrought,
That none, save thine, can seem so like the beautiful of thought."

"The song I sing, thy likeness like, is painful mimicry
Of something better, which is now a memory to me,
Who have upon life's frozen sea arrived the icy spot
Where men's magnetic feelings show their guiding task forgot."

"The sportive hopes that used to chase their shifting shadows on,
Like children playing in the sun, are gone—forever gone;
And on a careless, sullen peace, my double-fronted mind,
Like Janus, when his gates are shut, looks forward and behind."

"Apollo placed his harp of old a while upon a stone,
Which has resounded since, when struck, a breaking heart-string's tone;
And thus my heart, though wholly now from earthly softness free,
If touched, will yield the music yet it first received of thee."

Pinkney was not born to happiness. In his little volume of twenty poems one catches frequent sight of the "blue devil" that made headquarters in the breast of poor Byron. He had his own case in mind when he wrote:

"We perish slowly—loss of breath
Only completes our piecemeal death."

We take leave of him in rereading his famous lyric "A Health," which no similar effort within our knowledge surpasses:

"I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven."

"Her very tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of the heart are they,
And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burdened bee
Forth issue from the rose."

"Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrantcy,
The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her she appears
The image of themselves by turns—
The idol of past years!"

"Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain;
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain;
But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endures,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers."

"I filled this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name."

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

A NEW VIEW OF JAQUES AND TOUCHSTONE.

II.

TOUCHSTONE.

TOUCHSTONE is the most popular of all Shakespeare's clowns. Whenever he opens his mouth, the laughter of the reader or the spectator responds to his utterances, and we have only to ask ourselves what the comedy of "As You Like It" would be without him to estimate the boundless humor expended on him by the master. This humor

is not so rich as that of *Falstaff*—nothing equals that—but, with this one exception, it is unsurpassed in broad comic *vis*. It is never-failing, bubbles up like a fountain in dark days as in bright, in his hours of gayety as in his hours of dullness, if he ever has any; throws out its sparks upon, or rather warms with its steady glow, all who approach him, and puts the whole little world around him in good-humor. He is fun incarnate—a laughing philosopher who sucks mirth from everything as *Jaques* sucks melancholy. He is kind-hearted, disinterested, and looks on the bright side of things—his life at court and in the great world having made him regard existence as a comedy, not as a tragedy, and men as laughable, not despicable beings. He turns all things into jest, breaks the shafts of his wit-humor on the melancholy *Jaques*, the audacious *Rosalind*, and the rustic lover of *Audrey* alike; takes all things as they come, basking in the sun when it shines, and, when it is overshadowed, supplying his own sunshine—in a word, he is one of the most vivid creations of Shakespeare in his gayest mood.

Such is the view we have always taken of *Touchstone*, and the theory recently advanced that our old favorite is a cynic, prone to take the gloomiest views of life, comes upon us with something like a shock. "*Touchstone* a cynic!" we are tempted to exclaim—*Touchstone* a man with "the saddest, blackest view of human nature!" given to "gloomy" moods, and a wit that is only "dry!" The idea seems monstrous, incredible—some one else must be meant! "No softness of heart," it is said, "won to any love for him; no playfulness of disposition gave any charm to his fooling; he was not to be led off into playing pranks on the one side, or the weakness of sentiment on the other!" When *Rosalind* comes in, reading *Orlando's* verses, our old friend "sneers" at her; when *Jaques* disappears at the end of the play, his last words are a "snarl at his fellow-cynic *Touchstone*!" In a word, the famous jester is not, as everybody has supposed, a gay and humorous being, but an intensely gloomy one. This constitutional gloom makes him take the saddest and blackest view of all things. He has no softness of heart or playfulness of disposition. He is a cynic, and uses his wit as a cloak for his malice and ill-nature! This view, to be serious, is so opposed to that which we have always taken of the personage, that, in spite of the ability of its advocates, we cannot accept it without an enumeration in detail of the grounds upon which it is supposed to rest.

Touchstone, before the date of his adventures in Arden Forest, was the court-fool, or jester, of *Frederick*, the usurping duke. The status of such characters in former times is well known. The court-fool of the middle ages was a licensed jester kept for the amusement of kings or noblemen, wore a suit of many colors, often a cap and bells, and was privileged to indulge his wit at the expense of everybody, even of his master. *Touchstone* scarcely appears during his life at court, but toward the end of the play some chance words that he utters indicate that he was somewhat superior in social rank to the rest

of his class. When *Jakues* says to the *Duke*, "This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest; he hath been a courtier, he swears," *Touchstone* replies: "If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation: I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been polite with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one." From which it appears that the motley gentleman had been something of a beau—a "dressed man"—and as ready to handle the rapier as to rattle his bells. We see him in one scene only at court—that in which he tells the demoiselle *Rosalind* of "a certain knight that swore by his honor that they were good pancakes, and the mustard was naught," and yet was not foresworn in swearing by his honor, "for he never had any, or, if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard!" This humorous *persiflage* gives us no clew to the character of the speaker, and merely strikes the note, so to say, of his merry mood throughout the whole play; but in the last part of this, the first act, we begin to have some indication of the real individual under the motley and bells of the professional fool. *Rosalind*, the daughter of the exiled *Duke*, determines to fly from court in the dress of a page; and *Celia*, her cousin, the daughter of the usurper, resolves to fly with her. Neither of the madcaps, however, has any doublet and hose in her disposition, and the probable perils of their escapade impress them so strongly that *Rosalind* suggests that they shall "steal the clownish fool" *Touchstone*, and take him with them as their companion and protector. *Celia* assents to this at once, and her estimate of *Touchstone* is shown in her reply, "He'll go along o'er the wide world with me."

She is not mistaken. *Touchstone* consents at once—which he never would have done had he not been a person of warm feelings and disinterested attachments. He had absolutely nothing to gain, and everything to lose, by going away with the fugitives. His place at court was easy, even luxurious—and he gave it up without a murmur. Before him was the life of a vagabond on the highway, and he gayly accepted it. Without "softness of heart and weakness of sentiment," he would never have yielded to the wooing voices of the maidens. He yields, the party escape, and, when the merry philosopher next makes his appearance, he is in the middle of the Forest of Arden. Here he acts like a true philosopher and "good fellow." He has evidently made up his mind to take life as it comes. With a single rueful complaint of the weariness of his legs, and the exclamation that "when he was at home he was in a better place"—merely humorous protest—he declares that "travelers must be content," nor have we anywhere else the least intimation that he regretted the step he had taken.

Instead of regretting the past, he seems to revel in enjoyment of the present. *Rosalind* and *Celia* take refuge in a cottage on the skirts of the forest, and *Touchstone*, their protector, rambles to and fro, exchanging jests with the country-folk, making love to

Audrey, and satirizing the court for the entertainment of *Jakues*, who finds him basking idly in the sunshine. He is evidently in his element, and gives himself up à *cœur joie* to all the gay adventures of a life in the forest. He is perfectly at his ease with people of every class, from the *Duke* and his noblemen to *Corin* the clothopper. One and all are the recipients of the light and warmth of his humor—a humor never "dry," but rich, overflowing, and, if broad and even coarse—as it is in many instances—still the humor of a hearty, virile personage, full of the zest of life. Take, for example, the account he gives of his love-affair with *Jane Smile*, with its inimitable climax—"We that are true lovers run into strange capers!"—and the same suppressed "laughter, holding both her sides," struggles to contain itself, and not burst forth in the scene with *Corin*:

"Wast ever in court, shepherd?" *Touchstone* asks, with an air of earnest inquiry.

"No, truly," replies the simple *Corin*.

"Then thou art damned!" is the emphatic response.

"Nay, I hope—"

But *Touchstone* will hear of no denial—he will not have his statements called in question.

"Truly, thou art damned!" he insists, with stern solemnity, "like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side!"

"For not being at court?" demands the startled *Corin*. "Your reason?"

Touchstone has his reason ready, and gravely expounds his logic:

"Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd!"

This gay scene strikes us as an illustration of *Touchstone's* inveterate taste for burlesque—for humorous banter disguised under an appearance of solemn earnest; in all ages this has been the favorite tone of the humorist. He does not seem to us to be "venting his cynicism and bewildering *Corin* with scoffs at his shepherd's life." And there is a similar misconception, we think, of his meaning in the scene which follows with *Rosalind*, where he "begins to sneer," it is said. *Rosalind* has found the love-verses pinned by *Orlando* on a tree of the wood, and makes her appearance with the paper in her hand, her cheeks glowing, and her voice, as she reads the verses aloud, full of suppressed excitement and delightful surprise:

"From the East to Western Ind,
No jewel is like *Rosalind*;
Her wealth being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears *Rosalind*."

Touchstone listens, and his propensity to look on the ridiculous side of all things leads him instantly to "make fun" of the lovesick verses of the romantic *Orlando*. He is devoted to the fair *Rosalind*—has fled from court with her and her cousin to protect them in their wanderings—but he must have his jest, and at once it flashes forth:

"I'll rhyme you so, eight years together," he says, "dinner and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted, for a task—

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out *Rosalind*;
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will *Rosalind*."

Jesting is the gay philosopher's vocation, the bent of his temperament, his very meat and drink; and he jests at *Orlando's* extravagance as he jests at all else under the sun, not from any feeling of malice, but because it is as natural to him to laugh as to draw his breath. Another phase of his mock-earnest humor appears in the scene with *Jakues*, who comes upon him while he is stretched in the sunshine on a grassy bank of the forest. They enter into conversation—the gay and the melancholy philosopher—and *Touchstone*, finding at a glance that he has to do with an individual of musing, moralizing character, proceeds to "rail at Lady Fortune in good terms, in good set terms." But soon his love of fun gets the upper hand. He draws his timepiece from his pocket, looks at it with languid, lack-lustre eyes, and, finding that it is ten o'clock, makes the grave announcement that it had been nine an hour before, and in another hour would be eleven! After communicating to *Jakues* this interesting information, without so much as the ghost of a smile it would seem, he resumes his comments on society, and particularly upon the fair sex, who, he says, if they are only young and fair, "have the gift to know it"—adding other critical remarks which so delight the philosophic *Jakues* that he is inspired by the wish to himself procure a motley dress, become a fool, and thus indulge his own love of satire without hindrance.

Up to this point in the comedy, *Touchstone* has appeared in the character of a jester, a satirist of social foibles, and a philosopher: he now appears in the character of a lover! In the course of his wanderings in the fields and woods, he has made the acquaintance of *Audrey*, a "country-wench," with whom he proceeds to fall in love—he, the courtier, the gentleman who had trod measures with ladies, flattered court dames, ruined three tailors, and nearly had an "affair of honor!" There is nothing in *Audrey* to inspire the sentiment which sometimes makes fools of the wisest men, and conquers the gloomiest and most cynical philosophers. She is a simple country-wench. She has no possessions to tempt her lover's cupidity. She is not even attractive in person—very far from it—for *Touchstone* candidly intimates to her that he regards her as a "slut;" refers to her as "ill-favored;" and ruefully says, when speaking of his intention to marry her, "A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt!" In spite of all this, nevertheless, he determines that *Audrey* shall be raised to the elevated position of *Mrs. Touchstone*, and is ready to dispute the possession of the hand of the poor, ill-favored country-wench with all comers. A rival makes his appearance in the person of *William*, an old lover of *Audrey*, and *Touchstone* bursts forth into a tirade, under all the burlesque extravagance of which there is a genuinely earnest resolution.

"Then learn this of me," he says, to his rival. "To have is to have; for it is a fig-

ure in rhetoric that drink being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he!"

"Which he, sir?" falters the confused William.

"He, sir, that must marry this woman!" thunders *Touchstone*, with terrific frowns. "Therefore, you clown, abandon—which is in the vulgar, leave—the society—which in the boorish is the company—of this female—which in the common is woman!—which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest! or, to thy better understanding, diest! or to wit, I will kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage! I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel! I will bandy with thee in faction! I will overrun thee with policy! I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways! therefore tremble and depart!"

In the fine extravagance of this speech of *Touchstone's*, where his threats against William culminate in the awful menace to bandy with him in faction, overrun him with policy, and kill him a hundred and fifty ways—conceptions so wildly and grotesquely comic that here, as in a dozen other places, Shakespeare must have thrown down his pen to lean back in his chair and laugh, "sans intermission, an hour by his dial"—in this scene we are certainly not induced to regard *Touchstone* as a man of sad and gloomy temper, who is not to be led off into playful pranks, or to indulge in any weakness of sentiment. On the contrary, he revels in the most grotesque humor—under which is a real and earnest affection for his country-wench.

"To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey!" he says, afterward; "to-morrow will we be married!"

And when he presents his intended to the Duke, he says:

"A poor virgin, sir—an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own: a poor humor of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will!"

This was, apparently, a slip of Shakespeare's pen, as William, the fool's rival, was certainly ready and willing to "take" Audrey, but the author's meaning is made all the plainer by it. He means to tell us that Audrey is so ill-favored that she has no other suitor than *Touchstone*, and yet that, in spite of that fact, he had resolved to marry her.

In this, the last scene of the comedy, the humorous, playful, prankish, extravagant, good-hearted, and disinterested clown gives us a final touch of his quality, and disappears in the midst of a sort of blaze of fireworks—his account of the duel which he had "liked to have fought, upon the seventh cause." *Jaguet*, ever ready to encourage any display of eccentric humor, and scenting a rich exhibition of such, on the present occasion inquires of *Touchstone* the meaning of his phrase "the seventh cause." *Touchstone* is equal to the demand upon him. With all his old air of profundity and deep earnestness, he launches forth into his famous exposition of "the lie seven times removed,"

and sets forth the manner in which gentlemen of the court—like himself—were accustomed to conduct affairs of honor. The world knows by heart this famous passage. For two centuries and a half everybody has been laughing at this scene, and the clown's explanation of the Retort Courteous, the Quip Modest, the Reply Churlish, the Re-proof Valiant, the Counter-Check, Quarrelsome, the Lie Circumstantial, the Lie Direct, and If, your only peacemaker. O wise fool! You had read human nature, which is the same in all ages; for, in the nineteenth century, as in the sixteenth, If is still your "only peace-maker!" And O great dramatist! your phrases "The Retort Courteous" and "The Lie Direct" are a part of the English language.

We have attempted in this and a preceding paper to defend our old favorites, the melancholy *Jaguet* and the merry *Touchstone*, from a criticism which seems to us disparaging of their characters. The critical ability of the advocates of this view is incontestable, but Shakespeare is the painter of human life and character as they pass before all eyes, and each one must form his own opinion of the meaning designed to be conveyed by this greatest of dramatic writers. His men and women were drawn to be looked at and listened to by men and women seated in the Globe Theatre, and in all the theatres of all the world from that time to the present, and in all time to come. He shows us the human heart, and it is the human heart, after all, rather than the intellect, that can best estimate him, and discern his meaning. He speaks to the observation, the experience, and the feelings of all men, not only of the high, but of the low; to the ignorant as to the educated. This fact is the explanation of the perennial popularity of his dramas; and it ought to be remembered that he is the only author long dead who remains really popular. Homer, Virgil, Cervantes, Montaigne, Chaucer, his own great co-mates of the age of Elizabeth, Fielding, Addison, even Walter Scott, are all more or less consigned to the book-shelves, to be taken down at intervals only by literary students, while Shakespeare is in 1876 more popular and famous perhaps than he was two centuries ago.

This popularity, as we have said, is due to the lifelikeness of his portraits of men and women; and all who have lived for a certain length of time in this work-a-day world can estimate the wonderful truth of the drawing. *Jaguet* and *Touchstone*—the humorous philosopher and the merry clown—have more perhaps than any other figures in Shakespeare's comedies, with a few exceptions, taken hold of the popular fancy. We sympathize with the eccentricities of the melancholy philosopher, and laugh at the rich humor of the kind-hearted fool. If we discard the idea that Shakespeare meant to draw in these persons characters essentially humorous and kindly, given to merriment and good-feeling rather than to cynicism and misanthropy, we seem to call in question his ability to distinctly embody his conceptions, and speak plainly to the popular heart.

J. ESTEN COOKE.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

NONE can have read Mr. Disraeli's novels, from "Coningsby" to "Lothair," without recognizing his susceptibility to the poetry of pedigree. In this the old Roman Catholic families are of the richest, and we can well imagine that it may have had its influence in determining him, a Conservative prime-minister, to take the unprecedented step of raising a Roman Catholic baronet to the peerage. In the hundred of West Derby, from which the Stanleys derive their famous title, in the county of Lancaster, stands Garswood Hall, the seat of the Gerards, whose pedigree can be traced to the reign of Edward the Confessor, and who have for centuries ranked among the first in the county palatine. This family has ever been of those who have clung stanchly to the ancient faith, and a search into the hideous chronicles of religious persecution would bring to light the penalties paid by many of their race for such devotion. The recollections of these tribulations, which were common to many of the old houses in the preëminently Roman Catholic county of Lancaster, is the better sustained in the Gerards' case by the fact of there being preserved at Garswood a famous relic, which is regarded by the lower class of Roman Catholics with the most reverential interest. The tale is told of how, in the year 1628, when Charles I. was king, there was brought to trial at Lancaster a Jesuit, by name Arrowsmith, charged with taking the order of priesthood contrary to the laws of the realm, and of prevailing upon persons to abjure the Protestant faith. He was condemned and executed with all the barbarities of the time, but one of his hands was cut off and deposited in the chapel of Bryn Hall. Bryn, whose carved pillars and richly-wrought stonework are now "right choice food for the ivy-green," is an ancient seat of the Gerards—the new peer being styled Lord Gerard of Bryn—to whose present home the martyr's head, inclosed in a white-silk bag, has now been transferred, and placed in the custody of the priest. It has ever since been regarded by the faithful as gifted with miraculous powers, and amazing tales are told of its efficacy.

A great change has of late taken place in the attitude of the Roman Catholic nobility of Ireland toward the Conservative party, and an avowed secession of many of them to that side may be expected at no distant date. It is ominous of this that peers who have hitherto held entirely aloof from Tory political festivities have in Ireland of late attended the lord-lieutenant's levees, and in England the secession of the Roman Catholic noblesse to the Conservatives is the more

probable from the fact that in all sympathies and social connections it is intensely aristocratic and conservative, and has now nothing whatever to gain from the Liberal party. A class more loyal to the crown than the English Catholic gentry does not exist. Of this it has given repeated proof, and it was high time that such loyalty should be recognized. When the Spanish Armada threatened England, Queen Elizabeth was advised to play a sort of massacre of St. Bartholomew game in reference to many of her subjects. But she would not listen to such base counsel, and the event amply justified her anticipations. The Catholics, although they had too much reason to be disloyal, came at the head of their tenantry to serve the queen, and many gallant young gentlemen fought in the ranks because their faith was a bar to their holding a higher grade. Indeed, it may fairly be doubted whether Lord Derwentwater and others of his stamp would ever have encouraged the attempts of "the Pretender" had they not been subjected to such marked disabilities under William and Mary, and Anne. The Catholic gentry had indeed little for many a long day to make them loyal. They were exposed in many instances to what may be described as an elaborate system of contumely and arrogance, existed on sufferance, liable to be harried by any influential Protestant neighbor who happened to have a grudge against them. Under these circumstances it was scarcely surprising if they were not enthusiastically attached to the powers that were.

When one of those red-hot Protestants of which Ireland is unhappily so prolific remonstrated with Lord Chesterfield, then viceroy, for having a coachman who went to mass, his excellency's bantering comment was, "Does he, indeed? I'll take care he never drives me there!" If the Whalleys and Newdegates begin to howl over Lord Gerard, Mr. Disraeli will know equally well how "to abate and dissolve" the ebullitions of their wearisome bigotry. His action is secure of the approval of the common-sense of the country. When an eminent and excellent Roman Catholic lawyer was some years ago appointed a judge of the Court of Common Pleas, there was positively a burst of approval from men of the most various views in politics and religion.

It is said that one can preach more in a day than he can practise in a year. Now there is a great deal of secular preaching done about patriotism; it must be confessed, however, that the instances in every country, who do not come within Dr. Johnson's not very flattering definition of that virtue, are somewhat rare. Perhaps the most effective test of the patriotism of a man, that is, the

genuineness of his love of country, is in its degree of self-abnegation. A man who does and risks for the nation, with neither reward nor expectation of any, or with absolute refusal of any, may be judged sincere, and, in the highest sense, public-spirited. Not that the self-abnegation of the true patriot is always betrayed by refusal to accept office or honors; for there are cases in which to refuse them is to be selfish, and to accept them is a sacrifice. If self-abnegation is the highest, it is surely not the only test of patriotism; for we are very far from regarding the acceptance of rewards, or even the aiming for them, as anything otherwise than honorable, so long as they are fairly aimed at and honestly won. If, however, we find a man devoting time, energies, courage, peril, to the cause of country, and then sternly setting his face away from the proffered laurels, doing this consistently and persistently, we cannot refrain from honoring so Cato-like an austerity.

Such a man was FRANCIS DEAK, the Hungarian, who has just died at Pesth, after a lingering illness, in old age, in at least modest circumstances, and with the fruits of his long agitation patent before his eyes, in the achieved local independence of his country. For wellnigh forty years Francis Deak was one of those incorruptible traitors whom the Hapsburgs would have indifferently shot or loaded with honors, according as the one or the other would have most effectually silenced them. Even when the old bad days of Hungarian oppression were over, and the house of Austria had yielded pretty much all that Deak had ever demanded, he would receive no distinction, office, or even courtesy from Vienna. When the Emperor Francis Joseph went to Pesth to be crowned with the iron crown of Hungary, he took the trouble to climb in person up to the humble lodgings of this modern Cato, and to offer him his portrait, as a recognition of Deak's patriotism and purity. The visitor was received politely, but the gift was declined. Even the blandishments of the fairest empress in Europe failed to induce him to change his mind. Neither order, title, nor office, would he take from imperial hands. Deak was from first to last a poor man—sometimes, a very poor man; yet, when a deputy in the Hungarian Diet, he would not touch a florin of salary, and when the idea of a pension was broached to him he met it with a prompt refusal. He was by profession a lawyer, and his talents and fame were such that he might have waxed wealthy with ease. Yet for many years he never accepted a fee. He practised at the bar with the single purpose of furthering the ends of true justice; his clients were those to whom he believed justice due, or whom, being pursued

by justice, he believed to be innocent. During all these years he lived upon the earnings of his early practice, and a small inherited property. The simplicity alike of his life and of his character was Spartan. Such virtue is, perhaps, almost Quixotic; but it is refreshing to come upon it now and then.

ENGLISH critics, and those of our people who take their cue from England, are accustomed to assert that very little good art comes to America. The attentive reader who has perused Mrs. Hooper's Paris letter of this week has remarked her comments upon the movement of French pictures to the United States. Inasmuch as the best productions of Meissonier, Cabanel, Vibert, and other French painters, come here, we certainly have a good showing in modern art at least. It would be well if more English paintings reached our shores, yet even here we are better off than is commonly supposed. But, unfortunately, these examples of great living painters go for the most part into private galleries, and the tendency among the owners of them is more and more to an exclusion of the public. For this the public are to blame. Once the application of any gentleman for admission to a private gallery was promptly responded to; but so outrageously was the privilege thus accorded abused by persons who went not to study art but to gratify vulgar curiosity, that cautious restrictions became necessary in pure self-defense. This is unfortunate. But the question arises whether some plan cannot be devised whereby art-lovers may have an opportunity of seeing the productions of the masters without undue encroachment upon the privacy of the owners. Old houses in England, with their collections of pictures and ancient furniture, are commonly accessible to visitors, and we are not aware of any instance in which this privilege has been withdrawn on account of its being abused. Every American has an opportunity of seeing the interior of noted places such as Warwick Castle, Blenheim, Knole, Haddon Hall, and even Windsor Castle when the queen is not at home; the only regulation being that each party of visitors shall be accompanied by an attendant. As it has not been necessary in England to shut the great houses against public visitors, we should suppose it would be practicable with us to arrange a plan whereby private galleries might, under suitable regulations, be rendered accessible, on occasions, to the public.

This centennial year, when so many strangers will visit us—from abroad, and from far-off sections of our own country—it is peculiarly desirable that they should see something of the art-treasures of the country.

The Centennial Art-Exhibition at Philadelphia will display native productions liberally, of course; but, in view of the exceptionally large number of visitors, we in New York ought to have an art-exhibition. If there could be gathered in one place the great paintings in the collections of Mr. Stewart, Mr. Belmont, Mr. Lennox, Mr. Olyphant, Mr. Roe, Mr. Rolfe, of the late Mr. Aspinwall and Mr. Blodgett, and those of others, it would be something to the glory of our city, and of great value to those of our people who long to see examples of foreign artists but cannot go abroad to do so. There is no reason why Philadelphia should have a monopoly of centennial attractions; an immense majority of centennial visitors will include New York in their tour, and we should have something of special interest to show them. It is not too late to organize for next summer a grand exhibition of pictures borrowed from private galleries. We do not doubt that in the patriotic fervor of the hour the owners of these pictures would consent to part with them for a few months in the interest of so good a cause.

EVERY little while the question of cutting the leaves of books comes up in the journals for discussion. There are those who denounce uncut edges as slovenly, deplore the loss of time involved in cutting the leaves of a book with a folder, and declare that the bookbinders who send volumes forth uncut simply impose unfinished work upon the public. There are others who defend the uncut leaves because of the pleasure every true book-lover experiences in running his ivory folder through the virgin leaves of his newly-bought volume. Pertinent to this question, we copy the following from the *Christian Intelligencer*:

"To cut or not to cut, that is the question. We mean the edges of books, good reader. And the *London Bookseller* discusses it with as much earnestness as Cato once debated in his own mind a much more serious question. An Australian correspondent had written to our transatlantic contemporary objecting to the usage of some publishers of sending out books with the edges uncut, and asking what was the good of it. Whereupon, under an outward seeming of courtesy, the *Bookseller* says some tart things. It gives its correspondent to understand that 'he is no bibliomaniac, but simply a utilitarian,' and, while it admits that his opinions are 'deserving of attention, it assures him that 'we' (it) 'and all other lovers of books derive an amount of pleasure from cutting open the leaves of a book,' which he, whom it relegates to the category of not being a bibliophile, neither 'can nor ever will comprehend.' And, to give additional pungency to his sarcasm, the self-complacent editor, proud of his gentle mania, informs his correspondent that 'he might as well ask why the *London Blackguard*, altogether unacquainted with the four Gospels, should have such an utter contempt and hatred for the Jews,' or 'why every literary Scotchman thinks himself capable of editing the *London Times*.'

"We once thought, or thought that we thought, like our friend the *Bookseller*. In our green and fallow days we declared, with an amount of supercilious contempt for those who disagreed with us equal to his own, that it was a great luxury and an exquisite delight to cut the leaves of a new book. It is true that, if we had been required to define in what the luxury and delight consisted, we would have been sadly graveled; but still we adhered to our opinion with a degree of heat that we now know to have been ridiculously disproportionate to the merits of the case. Since then we have changed our minds. Having got rid of our super-refined and carefully cockered bibliomania, we now think an uncut book is an unmitigated nuisance, and the cutting of its leaves a bore and a waste of time."

It seems to us that this matter is not rightly understood, not even by the *London Bookseller*. The convenience of having the leaves of a book cut no one denies; and, if the sole reason for sending books forth uncut is the supposititious pleasure an occasional book-lover may have in cutting the leaves, then the vexation that the great majority experience in the task ought at once to reform the thing altogether. But this is not the reason; nor is the *Intelligencer* right in saying that the real motive for it "is a slight saving in the cost of manufacture." There is no saving in the cost of binding by leaving edges of books uncut; this might have been the case before the employment of machinery for the purpose, but now the value of the shavings is equal to the cost of the labor. Book-leaves may be left uncut for various reasons—for the sake of the margin, for instance, or for convenience in case the volume is rebound—but the preference with all instructed book-lovers is because of the superior beauty of the page. A book that is put in the press and subjected to the knife undergoes a transformation. It is not merely that it has lost freely of its margin; this injury could be forestalled by having the margin so wide that after the page is cut there would be still sufficient; but it has lost its character, its life, its beauty, its charm of freshness, its suggestion of grace and purity. Is this a fanciful notion? It no doubt seems so to many persons, and we will, therefore, call in a witness. The most experienced printer and bookmaker in New England once assured us that he had made the test many times, and that, while the reason of it is a mystery, he always found a remarkable difference between two copies of the same edition of a book, one cut and the other uncut. The paper in the uncut copy seemed superior; the type looked handsomer and clearer; the printing appeared better; the ink looked brighter and fresher—in brief, a certain elegant quality in the uncut copy appeared to be crushed out of the cut copy. Our own experience and observation accord with these statements. There is an indescribable charm in English books with their un-

cut leaves, which American books with their smooth edges never possess. Every publisher or author must have noticed how completely the fresh attractiveness which the folded sheets of the book possess when placed on his desk by the printer, disappears when other sheets come trimmed and pressed between the binder's boards. There are commonly good reasons for things if we will try and find them out; and the reason why uncut books are preferred by certain book-buyers is simply because they are so much more truly attractive and elegant—and these qualities are more than sufficient to compensate for whatever inconvenience may arise from the custom.

Books and Authors.

THERE are few writers whose quality it is more difficult to define than that of Mr. James Russell Lowell. At one time, under the influence of some special piece of work, one is tempted to say that his dominant characteristic is strong common-sense—a serenity of judgment which never allows him to be betrayed into mistaking, as so many of us are constantly doing, the ephemeral and insignificant for the permanent and essential. At another time, it is his keen spiritual insight which seems most impressive; at another, his moral fervor; at another, his comprehensiveness of knowledge; at another, his genial humor and trenchant wit; and at another still, the suggestiveness, piquancy, and originality, of his style. The truth probably is, that he possesses all these qualities in a marked degree, and that the one seems predominant with which the mind of the reader has been most recently in contact.

Whatever Mr. Lowell's qualities may be, however, or the sum of them, they are present in fullest flavor in the second series of "Among my Books" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.), which contains essays on Dante, on three out of the five great English poets—Spenser, Milton, and Wordsworth—and on Keats. The paper on Dante attains almost to the dimensions of a treatise; and the reader may search the rapidly-growing "Dante literature" through and through without finding anything at once so discriminating and suggestive, so helpful to the understanding of Dante as man, politician, and poet. Nor will he find anything more agreeable to read, more free from the technicalities, affectations, and commonplaces, of criticism. The essay opens with a striking picture of Florence, and the wondrous panorama of its intellectual and artistic history:

"Around the courtyard of the great Museum of Florence stand statues of her illustrious dead, her poets, painters, sculptors, architects, inventors, and statesmen; and, as the traveler feels the ennobling lift of such society, and reads the names or recognizes the features familiar to him as his own threshold, he is startled to find fame as commonplace here as notoriety everywhere else, and that this fifth-rate city should have the privilege thus to commemorate so many famous

men her sons, whose claim to preëminence the whole world would concede. Among them is one figure before which every scholar, every man who has been touched by the tragedy of life, lingers with reverential pity. The haggard cheeks, the lips clamped together in unflinching resolve, the scars of life-long battle, and the brow whose sharp outline seems the monument of final victory—this, at least, is a face that needs no name beneath it. This is he who among literary fames finds only two that for growth and immutability can parallel his own. The suffrages of highest authority would now place him second in that company where he with proud humility took the sixth place."

The substance of the essay is biographical as well as critical; in fact, the life and writings of the poet are not considered separately at all, but in that intimate association the recognition of which is essential to any true conception of either. All Dante's writings, as Lowell remarks, are autobiographic, "are parts of a mutually related system, of which the central point is the individuality and experience of the poet." Each successive work, therefore, is considered in connection with the circumstances under which it was produced, the condition of public affairs in which Dante took so deep an interest, and the light which it throws upon his personal history, and the growth of his mind. As to the quality of Dante's work, and his relative place among poets, Mr. Lowell says:

"All great poets have their message to deliver us from something higher than they. We venture on no unworthy comparison between him who reveals to us the beauty of this world's love and the grandeur of this world's passion and him who shows that love of God is the fruit whereof all other loves are but the fleeting and beautiful blossom, that the passions are yet sublimer objects of contemplation when, subdued by the will, they become patience in suffering and perseverance in the upward path. But we cannot help thinking that, if Shakespeare be the most comprehensive intellect, so Dante is the highest spiritual nature that has expressed itself in rhythmical form. Had he merely made us feel how petty the ambitions, sorrows, and vexations of earth appear when looked down on from the heights of our own character and the seclusion of our own genius, or from the region where we commune with God, he had done much:

'I with my sight returned through one and all
The sevenfold spheres, and I beheld this globe
Such that I smiled at its ignoble semblance!'

But he has done far more; he has shown us the way by which that country far beyond the stars may be reached, may become the habitual dwelling-place and fortress of our nature, instead of being the object of its vague aspiration in moments of indolence."

The paper on Spenser is scarcely less elaborate than that on Dante, and the essays on Wordsworth and Milton are admirable studies. The real measure of Wordsworth has, perhaps, never been so impartially and discriminatingly taken; and the entire three essays are pregnant with suggestiveness for the student of English literature. The paper on Keats hardly exceeds the average book-review in length, but it makes up in quality for what it lacks in quantity, and contains some of the best writing in the volume. Poor Keats would have found it easy to ignore the *Quarterly* could he have foreseen that he would receive such hearty appreciation at

the hands of a critic so greatly superior to Gifford.

Mr. Lowell never sacrifices matter to manner, and, indeed, bestows little pains on mere expression; yet a good deal of the *interestingness*, so to call it, of his essays, is attributable to his style. This is, in general, admirably direct and terse—more often than almost any other contemporary writer he "stabs with a phrase;" but it also abounds in piquant asides and whimsical digressions, and odd images and comparisons. A good-sized note-book could easily be filled with quotable phrases from a single one of his volumes; and any one who should attempt to cull them all would find it more economical of time to index the book itself. Here, by way of illustration, is a sentence or two from the passage in which he describes the difficulties which Keats encountered in obtaining recognition as a poet:

"His very name stood in his way, for Fame loves best such syllables as are sweet and sonorous on the tongue, like Spenserian, Shakespearean. In spite of *Juliet*, there is a great deal in names, and when the fairies come with their gifts to the cradle of the selected child, let one wiser than the rest choose a name for him from which well-sounding derivatives can be made, and, best of all, with a termination in *on*. Men judge the current coin of opinion by the ring, and are readier to take without question whatever is Platonic, Baconian, Newtonian, Johnsonian, Washingtonian, Jeffersonian, Napoleonic, and all the rest. You cannot make a good adjective out of Keats—the more pity!—and to say a thing is *Keatsy* is to condemn it. Fortune likes fine names."

PROFESSOR HAECKEL'S "History of Creation"¹ has a large title, which quietly assumes the main point of dispute between himself and his opponents; but, all the same, it is an extremely able work, written in a truly scientific spirit, and it is surprising that eight years should have elapsed between its original appearance and its translation into English. The book, as described by the author, is "an attempt to apply the general doctrine of development to the whole range of organic morphology (Anatomy and Biogenesis), and then to make use of the vast march onward which the genius of Charles Darwin has effected in all biological science by his reform of the Descent Theory and its establishment through the doctrine of selection." It is also an attempt to introduce the Descent Theory into the systematic classification of animals and plants, and to found a "natural system" on the basis of genealogy; that is, to construct hypothetical pedigrees for the various species of organisms. Professor Haeckel thinks that the time has come for a radical change in our zoological and botanical classifications, which no longer accord with demonstrated facts; and, looking these facts boldly in the face, he discards the prevailing system, and proposes one almost entirely new. The animal kingdom, for instance, he divides into two primary groups,

the unicellular and the multicellular—the Protozoa and the Metazoa. Into the border territory between the animal and the vegetable kingdoms he introduces a third kingdom—the Protista—a class of organisms which show "in their external form, in their inner structure, and in all their vital phenomena, such a mixture of animal and vegetable properties that they cannot with perfect justice be assigned either to the animal or to the vegetable kingdom." These doubtful creatures have been the chief stumbling-block in the path of previous systematizers, and it is a bold stroke which thus gets rid of them by assigning them a kingdom to themselves.

It is as a history of the doctrine of Evolution, however, that the book will interest the general reader. Beginning with the theories of Goethe and Oken, he traces the growth of the idea to its final fruition in "Darwinism;" and the biography of Evolution, so to call it, has never before been so clearly and fully given. To Lamarck, as he demonstrates conclusively, is due the credit of having first fully developed the theory; but the mechanism of its working suggested by Lamarck is insufficient, and it is to Darwin that we owe the explanation of the reason "*why* the progressive transformation of organic forms took place, and what causes, acting mechanically, effected the uninterrupted production of new forms, and the ever-increasing variety of animals and plants." Besides narrating the history of the theory usually credited to Darwin, Professor Haeckel claims that his book "contains special morphological evidence in favor of many of the important doctrines with which this greatest naturalist of our century has enriched science."

The "History of Creation" took its origin in a series of lectures delivered before a mixed audience, and is consequently of a popular character; but Professor Haeckel is clearly no such master of the art of exposition and persuasion as Darwin is. For one thing, as is usually the case with disciples, he goes quite beyond his master in zeal on behalf of his subject; exhibiting, in a marked degree, that tendency which he reprobates in the theologians to erect theories into dogmas. It is told of Wordsworth that his customary reply to criticism upon any particular passage in his poems was that he regarded the critic's opinion upon the passage in question to be a very good test of his (the critic's) capacity to judge of poetry at all. So Professor Haeckel attributes to simple ignorance the disposition, by whomsoever manifested, to regard the doctrine of Descent as an hypothesis, and not as a demonstrated theory. This, beyond doubt, is far from soothing to the *amour propre* of the reader; and yet there is pertinency as well as force in the professor's protest against the prevalent habit of passing oral or written judgments upon the theory by persons who know scarcely more about the phenomena and laws of biology than did the primeval Monera from which we are supposed to have "developed."

THOUGH it lacks that charm of entire novelty which characterized his "Land of

¹ The History of Creation; or, the Development of the Earth and its Inhabitants by the Action of Natural Causes. From the German of Professor Ernst Haeckel. The Translation revised by E. Ray Lankester, M. A. Two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

the White Elephant," Mr. Frank Vincent Jr.'s "Through and Through the Tropics" is a very interesting and, in its way, instructive book. It is modest in size, surprisingly so for the extent of ground covered; and is decked out in none of that bravery of illustration which usually casts a glamour over works of this kind. But it possesses in a high degree the prime requisite of a good book of travels: it narrates in plain, simple, and graphic language what the author has himself seen, heard, and experienced. There is no attempt to string ancient and modern history on the slender thread of personal experience; and no elaborate summarizing of the testimony of previous observers. Mr. Vincent goes to a place—city, palace, temple, tomb, ruins, picturesque valley, or volcanic peak, as the case may be—looks about him with the eye of a keen and practised observer; and notes down what impresses him as novel, striking, pleasing, or characteristic—only this and nothing more. The result of this commendable method is, that he puts a really graphic and satisfactory record of thirty thousand miles of travel through some of the most interesting regions of the earth into a volume the slender dimensions of which must excite intensest scorn in those book-making experts who find ample material for a portly book in a two months' visit—say to Paris and Moscow.

Mr. Vincent's itinerary began with a four months' voyage by sailing-vessel from New York to San Francisco, round Cape Horn. The next stage was a voyage on the same ship from San Francisco to Honolulu, where he took up his residence for six weeks, visiting the various islands of the Hawaiian group, climbing several volcanic peaks, including the great crater of Kilauea, and making himself "at home with the Kanakas." The third stage was a steamer-voyage from Honolulu to Sydney (Australia), which was followed by a trip to various points of interest in "Kangaroo Land," including Melbourne; and the fourth stage was a voyage by sailing-ship from the latter point, across the Southern and Indian Oceans, to Calcutta. The following six months were spent in leisurely journeys through Hindostan, the main incidents of which are thus summarized by the author: "I had" (during those six months) "seen the King of Oude and his menagerie at Calcutta; penetrated to the base of the loftiest mountain of the globe, near Thibet; had been *flirted* by Maharajah Isuree Pershod at Karnatcha Palace; stood in the Taj Mahal at Agra; ascended the Kutub Minar, not far distant from Delhi; reached the borders of Cashmere in the northwest; sailed down the great Indus River; explored the cave-temples of Elephanta; traversed the Nizam's dominions; and coasted up the Carnatic from Madras to Bimlipatam." The travels in India are narrated with more fullness of detail than the rest; and after perusing them the reader will unhesitatingly agree with the author's verdict that Hither India, or Hindostan, is one of the most interesting countries in the world.

THE fourth volume of Professor Max Müller's "Chips from a German Work-

shop" (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) contains essays chiefly on the science of language, and as this is the subject on which he speaks with greatest authority, the present is the most valuable if not the most interesting volume of the series. It opens with the "Inaugural Lecture on the Value of Comparative Philology as a Branch of Academic Study," delivered by Professor Max Müller before the University of Oxford, on the foundation of its chair of Sanskrit. This, with the "Lecture on the Results of the Science of Language," delivered before the University of Strasburg, gives a very clear and graphic exposition of the claims, methods, and achievements of philology, tinged of course with the professor's special views, but touching very slightly upon the controversial aspects of the science. The "Rede Lecture," before the University of Cambridge, deals, in its first part, with the "Stratification of Language," and, in its second part, with "Curtius's Chronology of the Indo-Germanic Languages." Here the topics are of a more special character, though still treated in an untechnical manner; and such also is the case with the "Address on the Importance of Oriental Studies," delivered at the International Congress of Orientalists, in London, in 1874. The "Lecture on the Migration of Fables" is of a popular character, and belongs to the literature of folklore as much as to that of language. The only portion of the volume which does not relate more or less directly to philological subjects is the "Lecture on Missions," delivered in Westminster Abbey, in 1873, and so extensively reproduced and commented upon both in this country and in England. It appears here in somewhat expanded form, accompanied by a "Postscript" on the "Vitality of Brahmanism."

Two papers in the volume—"Reply to Darwin," and "In Self-Defense"—have a special interest, perhaps, for American readers. The former is a controversial handling of Darwin's language-theories, and of Professor Whitney as their supposed exponent and defender; but the discussion here is conducted within the limits of fair controversy. The latter paper, however, reveals the *odium philologicum* in its intensest form, being an angry and bitter personal attack upon Professor Whitney, who is described at the outset as "a gentleman who has acquired considerable notoriety, not indeed by any special and original researches in comparative philology, but by his repeated attempts at vilifying the works of other scholars." Upon the merits of this quarrel no layman, of course, is competent to pronounce; but the manner of conducting it is another matter, and it would certainly seem as if the "Self-Defense" were an attempt on the part of Professor Max Müller to close the argument by insulting his antagonist rather than to carry it forward to its legitimate result.

The volume is plentifully supplied with illustrative notes and appendices, and contains the index to volumes three and four of the "Chips."

Two treatises by Athanasius, "Supplicatio pro Christianis" and "De Resurre-

tione Mortuorum," edited by F. A. March, LL. D., with explanatory notes by W. B. Owen, A. M., form the fourth volume in the "Douglass Series of Christian Greek and Latin Writers" (New York: Harper & Bros.). This series owes its origin to an endowment by Mr. Benjamin Douglass, intended to promote the study of the writings of the early Christians; and the volumes composing it are prepared with special reference to their use in schools and colleges. The present volume, like those which have preceded it, is in the most approved style of text-books for college study, with critical text, introduction, and notes. The text is elegantly printed in Greek; the notes and analyses are in English; and, besides triple indexes, there is a life of Athanasius, and an essay on his style and diction. The editor announces that the series has been well received; a fact which seems to indicate that classical studies are as yet in no danger of losing their position in the curriculum of our colleges.

In noticing the new edition of Lander's works, the *Spectator* gives the following concise and spirited summary of his qualities as a writer: "Walter Savage Lander, although he was sent to school at Rugby and to college at Oxford, was essentially a self-educated man, and his writings owe many of their merits and some of their faults to that fact. A most excellent Latin scholar, he was anything but a pedant; and as a writer of English prose he has rarely been surpassed. To an accurate knowledge of the literature of England, he joined a competent acquaintance with that of France and Italy; and he was an acute but somewhat capricious critic. Stiff in his opinions, he was oftener in the right than in the wrong; and there is so much that is genuine in all his writings that he has less to fear from the verdict of posterity than many of his contemporaries who gained a much larger share of fame. Such or some such brief, bald summary as this is all that is likely to be found after Lander's name in future biographical dictionaries, for there was nothing in his actions to attract or deserve the notice of his countrymen, and, as a writer, he quite failed to move them as Byron and Scott and Wordsworth have. But, like Coleridge and Sir Thomas Browne, he will always find an audience, fit though few; and they who have leisure and a love of English literature for its own sake will often turn to Lander's works for amusement and edification, and will never turn in vain. Crotchety, impulsive, and undisciplined, as his intellect was, the fire of genius burned within it; and if 'genius' seem too vague a word, our use of it will be plain to any one who will compare Lander at his best with so great a master of English prose as De Quincey at his best, or the efforts of Coleridge in Shakespearean criticism with the efforts of William Hazlitt."

THE *Academy* sums up a long and admiring review of Swinburne's new poem with the following passage: "Whether general readers will find as much in the lyrical passages of 'Erechtheus' to admire, separated from the drama, as they found in 'Atalanta,' may, perhaps, be questioned. The scholar, on the contrary, will recognize in them a still greater fidelity to Greek thought and feeling, a more intimate and organic connection between their themes and the motives of the drama. There is no competent reader who, after sufficient study of the play, will not agree with us in recognizing the sublime beauty of the subject, the faith and purity and reverence which mark its large and deep humanity, and the exquisiteness of its artistic workman-

ship. 'Erechtheus' is, in truth, a masterpiece, considered not merely as a reproduction of classical art, but also as a poem which appeals to men of all nations and of all times."

THE *Saturday Review* now and then relaxes sufficiently to drop, as Mr. Wegg would say, into a bit of humor. In a late number it says: "All who were not in the secret must have been amazed when Professor Müller made his late announcement of his purpose both to give up his chair at Oxford and to leave England altogether. We might have wished that he could have brought himself to stay in England, at all events, till all those Englishmen who professed to know anything about such matters at all had fully taken in what seemed to some to be hard sayings: First, that Professor Müller did not himself invent comparative philology; secondly, that the object of comparative philology is not to show that Greek is derived from Sanskrit. We can assure him, from our opportunities of raking in lower depths than he is likely to know anything about, that both these illusions are still not uncommon."

ANALYZING Robert Browning's literary method, the *Nation* says: "He deals with human character as a chemist with his acids and alkalis, and, while he mixes his colored fluids in a way that surprises the profane, knows perfectly well what he is about. But there are too apt to be in his style that hiss and sputter and evil aroma which characterize the proceedings of the laboratory. The idea, with Mr. Browning, always tumbles out into the world in some grotesque, hind-foremost manner; it is like an unruly horse backing out of his stall, and stamping and plunging as he comes. His thought knows no simple stage—at the very moment of its birth it is a terribly complicated affair."

Mind: a Quarterly Review of Psychology and Philosophy, edited by George Croom Robertson, M. A., Professor of Philosophy of Mind and Logic in University College, London, has been commenced in England, and will be published in this country by D. Appleton & Co. *Mind* will be an organ for the publication of original researches, and a critical record of the progress made, in psychology and philosophy. The first number contains papers by the editor, and Herbert Spencer, James Sully, John Venn, Henry Sedgwick, S. H. Hodgson, Professor Bain, and others.

The following lines are from the motto to George Eliot's new novel, "Daniel Deronda":

"Let thy chief terror be of thine own soul:
There, 'mid the throng of hurrying desires
That trample o'er the dead to seize their spoil,
Lurks vengeance, footless, irresistible
As exhalations laden with slow death,
And o'er the fairest troop of captured joys
Breathes pallid pestilence."

It is rumored that Mr. R. H. Horne, the poet, contemplates a tour in the United States in the spring for the purpose of delivering a series of lectures comprising his personal recollections of celebrities he has known, from Charles Lamb to Tennyson.

The Arts.

THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

THE largest and widest art-interest is now taken in water-colors—at least, it is legitimate to suppose so from the number and excellence of pictures in the present exhibition. Year after year the paintings have

gathered strength both in quantity and in execution, till in this the ninth season there are more than six hundred of them hung on the walls of the Academy.

The progress of water-colors is in good measure due, we think, to the tact and good sense of the members of the society and of the men who control the exhibitions. Entirely free from narrow or personal jealousy, everything has been done by them to foster and encourage merit wherever it appears. Not alone American paintings are hung in the exhibitions, but from Avery, Goupil, and any private source, good works, either in color or in black and white, have been diligently hunted up and placed side by side with our native pictures. Visitors to the Academy and the artists themselves have the opportunity afforded them to compare the merits of different styles, and to really put where they belong pictures that are rich in color and composition, fine in handling or delicate in feeling. Perhaps no class of work of any sort is so much aided by direct comparison as pictures, and one that looks excellent seen by itself takes its legitimate place for poverty of color, incomplete drawing, or weak light and shade, when surrounded by good neighbors.

It would seem that artists ought not to work much from outside stimulus, but no fact is more clearly proved than that fostering of the kind the Water-Color Society has practised has a great effect in bringing forward talent. Though the pictures this year form one of the largest collections of any kind that have been displayed to the public, the number of poor paintings in it is comparatively small. Three rooms and the corridor are devoted to water-colors proper, and another room is hung with sketches and finished pictures in black and white. The greater number of these works are small, eighteen or twenty inches by ten or twelve, but there are some which, whether in oil or water-color, are large and very important. Among the well-known American painters who have the best pictures are Samuel Colman, James D. Smillie, R. Swain Gifford, W. T. Richards, A. F. Bellows, Van Elten, Louis C. Tiffany, and William Magrath. These artists have, in most cases, a good number of paintings scattered about through the rooms, and so positive is their style that the productions of each form a distinctive feature of the exhibition.

To Mr. Colman's paintings we have referred in recent numbers of the *JOURNAL*. The largest of his pictures in this collection is called "The Mosque of Sidi Hal-lui, Tlemcen, Algeria." It is a very brilliant composition of Moorish architecture seen through a hot African atmosphere, combined with nearer structures of horseshoe arches and faded olive-trees, the whole being intensified and enriched by the strong-colored costumes of a procession of Arabs, in blue and crimson, yellow and purple, with their camels, their asses, and their goats, who wander in the market-place or stray through arched openings in the walls. It may be that such a scene as this might be differently conceived, and that decay, melancholy, or Oriental stateliness, would be equally appropriate to the theme;

but, as a gorgeous pageant of color, its dry, blue sky scintillating with heat, its massive and ancient architecture, and its busy congregation of men, make it signally expressive. To our mind no one has painted the Orient in words better than George W. Curtis in his "Nile Notes," where the melancholy of the desert and the sadness and stateliness of Eastern civilization are brought so near us that we seem to listen at twilight to the fantastic story of the mild-eyed camel-driver, or float as in a dream past ancient ruins and under dark, pure skies. Fortune renews to us the grotesque element of the African, and other European painters of the present time reproduce the East upon their canvas; but latterly here at home some of our own artists have returned to us laden with strange Oriental gifts that rival the best of their European competitors.

Another important set of pictures are by Mr. Magrath, in quite a different vein. A Scotchman himself, we believe, his pictures are nearly always of the purple heather-clad hills of his country, and it is on the Scotch shepherd with his sheep, and the Scotch lassie before the low door of her humble "bothie," that his fancy lingers. For two or three years Mr. Magrath's pictures have greatly pleased us, both by their sentiment and artistic qualities, but this season they show that he has gained great power in the use of color, and in the handling of his materials. In one of these, especially where a flock of sheep are shadowed by overhanging trees upon a hill-side, the rough, the smooth, the broken surfaces of rock or leaf, of wood or sloping green-sward, indicate to a practised eye that he has learned to employ successfully the legitimate "tricks" of method to produce textures and effects which only great study and experience can secure.

Mr. James D. Smillie's "Scrub-Race on the Western Plains" is a new and very important step in advance for that artist. Hitherto Mr. Smillie has devoted himself almost exclusively to quiet landscapes, where no action nor motion was employed, consisting of still summer meadows, sweet and pleasant. This painting of the scrub-race shows, we think, that Mr. Smillie has at length struck his proper vein. A dozen wild-looking men, with as many steeds, form a centre to the painting, so full of life and wild motion that at another crack of the whip we can see the animals again start apart, as their jumping and glancing motions show they have done but a moment before. This class of subject requires a real sympathy and talent adequately to express. All the knowledge in the world of *technique* may fail to give the life and action which genuine feeling alone can supply, and at the same time we all recognize that, even in so wild a scene as this, "the modesty of Nature" must not be overstepped, or artistic unity is destroyed, and the painting becomes disjointed and unpleasant. Full of life, the picture is yet perfectly poised in artistic balance, and the arrangement of lines in the main group, which really forms the picture, is graceful and beautiful. Now that Mr. Smillie has done so well in this direction, we trust he will continue in it.

We described some time ago Mr. R. Swain Gifford's and Mr. Bellows's recent paintings, "The Village Street" and "The Tents of the Arabs" are as imaginative and as fine in color, now that we see them finished at the Academy, as when they stood in the studios. Mr. Bellows has several other pictures, "sunshine in shady places," and everywhere and in whatever neighborhood they are always charming. One criticism in so much praise it seems fair to indulge in—like a bit of pepper or strong spice where a flavor might otherwise cloy: it appears to us that when the spectator compares such work as Mr. Bellows's with the colored sketches by Vibert, Maoni, and other of the foreign artists, the great variety in the sweep and direction, the size and the sharpness or indefiniteness, of these men is favorably conspicuous over more monotonous touch—but not monotonous results—in Mr. Bellows's lovely landscapes. We remarked at the beginning that we considered a special excellence of the conduct of the water-color exhibitions the opportunity they afford for comparison, and it is in this spirit, we think, that certain deficiencies in the artists are likely to discover themselves. No water-color landscapes are more deservedly popular than those of Mr. Bellows, but the foreign pictures, though markedly without form or feeling in many cases, are certainly masterly in the mere stroke of the brush.

Of other pictures in the collection we shall speak next week.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us from Rome a few interesting art-items: "Among the most distinguished of the German painters in Rome is Professor Alt. Those who have visited his studio will remember, I am sure, the cordial manner and heartiness of this artist, who, in spite of illness, that often obliges him to pass from room to room of his fine suite of studios in a wheeled chair, is indefatigable in his work, and as enthusiastic as in his younger days, when he went sketching from North Germany to Egypt, through all Italy. His wife, too, is an artist, and some of her copies of his paintings are excellent. She is his 'right-hand man,' always at his side to aid in finding the sketch or painting desired. This winter they have added the studio formerly occupied by Cammerano, and their rooms are bright, not only with paintings, sunlight, plants, students (among them a German baroness), but with sincerity and goodwill. A Boston gentleman has recently purchased 'The Lake of Albano' and other paintings by the professor. In the former, the beautiful scene is so well represented that one almost envies the peasant who, driving a yoke of long-horned Roman oxen, mounts the road from the lake to its crater-like border. Admirable paintings of Tivoli, its famous cataract and temple, Subiaco, and numerous other picturesque places in the vicinity, are the result of last summer's sketching and of a sojourn among the Sabine Hills.

Near Professor Alt's studio is the temporary one taken by Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, who returns, for a time at least, to Europe, after her long residence in the United States, and is passing some months for study and work in picturesque Rome. She finds it somewhat changed, and not for the better, in an artistic way. Many an old arch has disappeared, and the flowers and green have been rudely torn from many an ancient ruin which they clothed with grace. The artist element has increased, however, if not sub-

jects for its study, since new ateliers are to be seen of artists from all countries.

In the same building with Mrs. Murray is a lady-artist, an Englishwoman, Miss W. Augusta Walker, whose paintings, for drawing and color, are worthy of praise as well as for the choice of subjects. Among these is a street-scene in Olevano, where the light streams through an arch connecting old dark houses on each side of a steep *via*, roughly paved, and up which is passing a girl, with a *conca* balanced on her head. Another represents again the rough ascents of the same picturesque town; in front of the door-steps the peasant children are playing, while interior views of these same dark Olevano houses show us rural Italian life as it really is. Among the photographs of Miss Walker's already completed works are ideal figures, graceful with thought, showing that the study of the real has not dimmed the power of imagination.

Again a short turn of a corner in this neighborhood so replete with studios, and we enter that of Mr. Martin Millmore, hoping to see his design for the Sumner Monument, which has taken a place among the three best presented. The criticisms upon the dress and attitudes of these models touch upon the much-mooted question of the present, *viz.*, Academician *versus* Realism. Most of the older German and Italian sculptors in Rome are adherents of the strictly classical style, while many of the Americans, with that practical tendency characteristic of the nation, do not think it fitting to drape a modern statesman in a toga or garment which perhaps he never saw, or to envelop him in a mantle that, graceful as may be its folds, hides completely the form, as characteristic of a man, in some respects, as the head or face. Another thing that is forgotten easily in the often exaggerated influence that the present exerts upon us is, that many who now seem great men will become unknown as time passes, and very possibly the only interest their representations will possess in the eyes of posterity may be due to the very costumes now so deprecated by many critics, but which will then have become interesting examples of the customs of a past age; just as we observe with attention statues in the quaint dresses of previous centuries, while the sculptors of forgotten statesmen clad in toga or mantle, should the inscriptions upon their pedestals be defaced, might, perhaps, be supposed to belong to the old Roman epoch! The figure of Sumner, in the design of Mr. Millmore, seems not only natural and unconstrained, but the attitude is one habitually his; the fit of the habiliments is so easy and comfortable that one readily perceives, even in that, the man of thought who wears his attire for his own advantage, and not for the taste of others. The great monument to be placed on the Boston Common in memory of those who fell during the last war will be completed and erected, according to Mr. Millmore's expectation, the coming summer. The statues to adorn it are very spirited and fine, especially the surmounting one. The column is to be one hundred feet in height."

"It is as yet too early," says the Paris correspondent of THE ART JOURNAL, "to give any account of the spring work of the artists, their studios being usually closed against all visitors till the preparations for the Salon are well under way. M. Castiglione, the painter of 'The Villa Torlonia,' now in the possession of A. T. Stewart, is at work on a picture for the Salon called 'A Collation in the Atelier.' A party of gayly-dressed dames and cavaliers, in the rich, picturesque attire of the seventeenth century, have invaded a painter's studio, and are examining his pictures, and his stores of *bric-à-brac* and curiosities. One fair lady is drawing aside a curtain which has shrouded from view a completed pic-

ture, while in the act of listening to the melody of a guitar on which a blond-bearded cavalier is playing. In the background is a table set out with fruit, flowers, flagons of wine, etc. The numerous picturesque adjuncts of a studio—the carved oaken furniture, antique tapestries, Venetian mirrors, and curious glass and porcelain, the bronzes and stuffed birds, and Limoges enamels—are all painted with extreme finish and delicacy of touch. The same artist has also under way a picture entitled 'A Petition to Marguerite de Valois.' In a superb palace-hall, aglow with gorgeous frescoes, rich with massive carving, there sits upon a settle, beside the open door in the centre of the picture, a young and handsome man in the riding-garb of the days of Charles IX. Wearing by the long journey, which is revealed to us by the condition of his mud-splashed riding-boots and disordered attire, he has dropped asleep, with his head resting against the lintel of the door, while his petition—a large and conspicuous leaf of parchment—is loosely held in his slumber-relaxed fingers. Through the doorway, brave in satin and pearls and other regal finery, comes Marguerite de Valois, the laughter-loving Reine Margot, followed by her ladies. She is just in the act of drawing the petition from the languid hand of the sleeper, while one of her attendants, a starched old duenna in the background, looks on with an air of horror at such a breach of royal etiquette. If this picture fulfills the promise of the sketch, it will be a remarkable one."

THE principal steel engraving in THE ART JOURNAL for February is from a painting by Birket Foster, and is entitled "A Feast of Cherries." It represents a group of young girls seated in a garden beneath a tree, about to dispose of a dish of cherries. It is marked by all of Birket Foster's charming talent for the delineation of rustic children. The other subjects on steel are, a fine portrait of Michael Angelo, and an etching from a sketch by Landseer, entitled "The Death of the Stag"—a Scotch Highland picture, stamped by the characteristic features of Landseer's hunting-scenes. The additions to the number by the American publishers consist—first, of the continuation of the series of "Views of American Homes," giving views of Bierstadt's residence at Tarrytown, Mr. Eastman's villa at Poughkeepsie, and Miss Kellogg's cottage on the Hudson, all admirably engraved; second, of two charming examples by the landscapist C. H. Miller; third, a fourth paper on "Household Art," by Mr. Elliott, illustrating Japanese porcelain; fourth, of a full-page illustration of Bridgman's "American Circus in France," which last year was the event of the National Academy Exhibition. The English illustrated papers consist of a continuation of the Landseer sketches; an illustrated description of Belvoir, as one of the "Stately Homes of England;" and a paper on "Japanese Art." The variety of subjects and range of topics unite with the beauty of the get-up to render THE ART JOURNAL unexcelled by any publication of its kind in the world.

"In Venice," says the *Athenaeum*, "as every visitor knows, the beauty of the city has been increased by the use of color on plaster and brick walls, of a sober but delicate pink-red, which contrasted exquisitely with the green waters and the soft grass-green shutters of the windows. 'The committee of taste' (!) now forbids the use of this color, and orders that *whitewash* shall be universally substituted for it. This amazing committee displays a thoroughness in its endeavors to destroy all distinguishing features of the city which must excite the envy of many other municipalities and numberless artists. It is about to make a new street from the Piazza de

San Marco to the railway-station, that will sweep away several churches and houses of ancient date and of the highest interest. One must not forget that in London, or rather in Westminster, our sapient authorities absolutely painted with a dingy stone-color the *interior* of the Houses of Parliament, built though these structures are of a stone the natural color of which is extremely beautiful."

From Abroad.

PARIS, January 13, 1896.

WE are "paying up," as the saying goes, for the exceptionally charming weather which we enjoyed during the holidays, for snow, cold, and dampness, have been the atmospheric rule in Paris for a fortnight past. It seems strange to hear of persons dying of cold, and of others fainting from cold in the streets, when the thermometer has never once sunk below fifteen degrees, attaining that depth only at exceptional moments. But people here, and especially those of the lower orders, seem to have no idea of guarding against the cold by putting on extra clothing. The *bonne* and the *grisette* go out as usual with uncovered heads, or wearing merely their ordinary little muslin caps. And very few add even so much as a shawl to their in-door garments when they go out on an errand. No wonder that they shiver, and suffer, and grow heart-sick in the chilly atmosphere. Horses, too, have a far harder time of it on the few slippery days that diversify a Parisian winter than they have with us. They are scarcely ever rough-shod, and that only under pressure of sudden necessity; so during the late snow-storm it was pitiable to see the poor creatures slipping and sliding about in all directions. The day of the storm over three hundred horses slipped and fell, and many of them were so badly injured that they had to be killed. Most of these, of course, were those most melancholy of Parisian drudges, the cab-horses, but there were some valuable animals that shared the same fate, including the superb dapple-gray carriage-horses of the Russian Prince Orloff.

Does any lover of art, in an ecstasy before some fine painting representing Eve, Venus, or some undraped nymph, ever question himself or herself respecting the probable fate of the model from whose living beauty the artist has won the charm of his picture? Chance has recently made me acquainted with the history of one of those radiant originals whose graces have been immortalized by art. When visiting the studio of the celebrated artist Lefebvre recently, I paused in admiration before the original sketch of that exquisite image of pure and girlish loveliness, the "Chloe," that was one of the gems of the last Salon, and that in photographic reproduction has proved so immensely popular.

"The model who sat to me for that picture," said M. Lefebvre, "was but seventeen years of age; and so exquisite was her form in outline and proportion, that I was scarcely obliged to alter or to idealize a single line. She sat to me during the entire winter, and in the spring I quitted Paris to travel through Holland and Belgium. On my return I found that the poor young creature was dead. She was a girl of more refinement and elevation of sentiment than is usually to be found among persons of her position, and, being in the hands of a gang of low confederates, they had attempted to force her into a way of life from which her soul revolted. Thus driven to despair, the poor child poisoned herself by washing phosphorus from friction-matches, and then swallowing the decoction. She was taken to the hospital, where she died in

a few hours; and, as her unnatural relatives refused to claim the body, it was handed over to the doctors of the establishment for dissection. Had I but been in Paris," added the artist, in a tone of deep feeling, "I could have saved her from that last indignity, at least."

Such was the final destination of that fair and exquisite form which, reproduced with that chaste idealization which has made of Lefebvre the purest of all painters of the nude, remains one of the most refined and delicate of all modern representations of the female "form divine."

The trade of a model in Paris is a flourishing and lucrative one. Many of the women engaged in it are perfectly virtuous, being always accompanied by a mother or sister when they go to sit, and being treated with the utmost respect by the artists who employ them. Most of the celebrated painters will engage a fine model for months, or even for years, so difficult is it to discover one that at all approaches the ideal of the painter. They receive from five to twenty francs a day for their services, according to their beauty and celebrity, those who are capable of posing for the entire figure receiving, of course, the highest pay. A romantic but painful story connected with one of these models was recently related to me by an American artist of distinction.

A few months ago there appeared in that capacity, in the art-circles of Paris, a young English girl not yet fifteen, so perfectly and radiantly beautiful that her services were eagerly engaged for months ahead at the rate of fifteen francs a day. She was under the charge of an old Italian woman, and was a thoroughly *naïve* and child-like little creature, delighted to pose for the English and American artists, because they spoke her language, and far more interested in the cakes and sugar-plums that were liberally bestowed upon her than in the money she was making, or in the degradation of her position. One of her own countrymen, by dint of questioning her, drew from her the story of her entrance into her questionable and perilous career. She was the daughter of a small shopkeeper in London. Her parents were very poor, and the Italian woman had offered to bring the girl to Paris, to feed and clothe her, and to pay her parents one shilling a day for her services, availing that she was to sit in Italian peasant-costume to the French artists as a blond *cantadina*. Instead of keeping her contract, the wretched Italian had hired out the poor child as a model for the entire figure, and was reaping a rich harvest from her services. The Englishman laid the case at once before the authorities, and the Italian was arrested, tried for that grave offense which is known in France as *détournement de mineur*, and convicted. The lovely girl-model was placed in a convent to be educated, and will probably become a respectable and decent member of society.

"The Battle of Friedland" is still at the Cercle des Mirlitons on the Place Vendôme, where it has been on exhibition now for the past three weeks. Some twenty thousand persons have already visited this latest of the great works of Meissonier, and that in spite of the fact that the room wherein it is placed is comparatively small, and also that it remained on view for over a fortnight at the rooms of M. Petit. I am really amused at the amount of wrath which the purchase of this picture by an American has excited in art and critical circles here. That a picture of such importance and on so truly national a subject should be permitted to quit France is, I think, remarkable; but that is the fault of French wealth and French patriotism. As one of the leading artists of France feelingly remarked to me the other day, there is no real patronage of French art at home. If a picture is purchased for the Luxembourg, the artist must accept a large percentage of its value in the publicity, the

honor, and the promise of the future immortality of the Louvre conferred by such a purchase; he receives far less for his painting than he would obtain from a private collector. The wealthy men of France do not seem, as a rule, to care about buying pictures; either their galleries are already formed, or the old proverb, that "a prophet has no honor in his own country," is true of the artists of Continental Europe.

Sir Richard Wallace and A. T. Stewart contend together for the possession of the gems of modern French art. Mr. William Stewart, an American, was the first to recognize the genius of Fortuny, and eagerly purchased the early productions of that master when Rothschild scornfully rejected them. M. Cabanel has more than once lamented to me the fact that the finest of his later works have all been shipped to America, and that, consequently, he will never see them again. There are three finished pictures now in his studio, all three of which are destined for the United States. Two out of three of the latest of the exhibited works of Gérôme belong to Americans, namely, "Une Collaboration" and "Son Éminence Grise." Lefebvre's exquisite picture of the "Cigale," so well known by photographs and engravings, adorns a private gallery in San Francisco. James Bertrand recently shipped a reproduction of his lovely "Virginia" to a gentleman in Green Bay, Wisconsin. Detaille's "Régiment qui passe" is in Washington. And thus the productions of the great modern French artists are scattered broadcast through our land, bearing visions of ideal beauty to private homes and public galleries, and bringing culture and elevation of taste in their train.

A review of a modern German book in a French publication is something of a novelty, but there has lately appeared a very interesting study of a recently-issued German work, "The Memoirs of the Countess Sophia Marie de Voss."

This lady filled the important post of grand-mistress of the court at the court of Prussia during the reign of the father of the present emperor, whose consort was that fair and unhappy Queen Louisa, whose beauty, misfortunes, and virtues, render her one of the most touching figures of modern history. Madame de Voss thus mentions the birth of the present ruler of Germany, which took place on the 22d of March, 1797: "To-day, at a quarter before three, the child was born. It is a fine little prince, well made and vigorous. The father was there, radiant with delight, but he made a great deal too much noise, which was not good for the mother."

Ten years later, the vanquished king and his luckless consort being then at Königsberg, Madame de Voss mentions that "little Prince William put on a uniform to-day for the first time, which was a great joy for us all. We had several of the generals to dinner."

If the melancholy party at Königsberg had but divined what the first assumption of a uniform by the boy-prince really meant—the first step on the pathway which was to end in the avenging of the defeats of 1806, and whose goal was the imperial throne of Germany!

Madame de Voss paints the personal appearance of the great Napoleon with a brush dipped in the darkest hues that dislike and prejudice could furnish: "He is extremely ugly. His face is thick, swollen, and sunburnt. With that, he is short, corpulent, and without a waist. He rolls his great round eyes in a sinister fashion; his features wear a hard expression; he is to me the very incarnation of success; his mouth only is well formed; his teeth are also fine; he is extremely polite, and, after having conversed a long time alone with the queen, he departed in his carriage."

Poor Bressant, the "perfect gentleman" of the Comédie Française, will never tread the

boards again. A hopeless malady of the spine has declared itself, and, though his life may be prolonged for some years, he will never walk again. By a strange chance, I was present at his last appearance on the stage. He had been ill, but was supposed to be nearly recovered, and so Scribe's comedy of "Un Verre d'Eau," in which he personated *Bolingbroke* so admirably, was revived for his *reentrée*. It was only given twice, however, "the health of M. Bressant not being fully reestablished," as the papers stated. It was on the second of those two nights that I was present. The great comedian had lost no jot of his elegant grace and polished vivacity, but his step was feeble, and there was an ominous twitching about his left hand and about the muscles of his mouth, that seemed to me prophetic of paralysis. Yet I little thought, when the curtain descended that night for the last time, that it shut out the most finished high-comedy actor of the present generation from the gaze of the public forever.

And, *à propos* of the Comédie Française, I was recently told the history of how the election of Mademoiselle Croizette to the coveted honors of *sociétaire*ship was managed. There was great opposition to her admission among the *sociétaires*; so, on the day when the question was to be brought to vote, M. Perrin took them each, one by one, aside. "You see," he would whisper confidentially to his hearer, "that there is no chance for the poor child's election; so, to please me, and to prevent her from the mortification of a unanimous rejection, will you not give her your vote so that she may have at least one?" Each *sociétaire* consented to oblige the manager, each did as he or she had promised, and the consequence was that Mademoiselle Croizette was unanimously and triumphantly elected *sociétaire*.

The mysterious author of "Les Danicheff" turns out to be a young Russian officer, one M. Corrin de Kroukoffskoi, who, by a strange coincidence, happens to occupy the apartment where Alfred de Vigny lived at the time that he wrote his first great drama for the Odéon. The young author, now, by the brilliant success of his first piece, one of the literary lions of Paris, is at work on a play for the Comédie Française, and is also engaged on a novel, entitled "The Statuette," which is to be published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. There's a literary success for a young *débütant* to achieve!

Faure is positively to leave the Grand Opéra in April. It is whispered that he goes, not so much on account of the brilliant offers of M. Merelli, but because of his dislike to M. Halanzier, and that, moreover, he has sworn never to set foot in the Opera-House again, so long as M. Halanzier continues its manager. The quarrels between the great barytone and the director in question have been matter of comment for some time past. The production of Augier's new comedy of "Madame Coverley" at the Vaudeville has been delayed by the refusal of the leading part by nearly every disengaged actress of eminence in Paris. The character in question is said to be a very disagreeable and unsympathetic one. It has been offered to no less than six actresses, including Favart, Rousseil, and Agar, but not one of them would accept it.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

SEA-TELEGRAPHY.

THE truth of the familiar proverb that "it is an ill wind which blows no good" is likely to be vindicated by the loss of the English man-of-war Vanguard. The partic-

ulars of this disaster are still fresh in the public mind. The fog was so dense that the usual flag-signals were of no service, hence the collision and subsequent sinking of one of the finest ships in the English navy. Had the Grand-duke been able to communicate with its consort, the catastrophe would have been avoided. Nor would the simple alarm-signal, the blowing of fog trumpets or whistles, have been of any avail. The mistake lay in the misunderstanding as to what course the two vessels were to take, and, when it was discovered that the usual instructions had not been understood, it was too late to avoid the disaster.

It was in view of this evident need for some well-defined method for exchanging sound-signals at sea that an English inventor has



been led to propose a system of sea-telegraphy. In advocating the adoption of this system, Mr. W. H. Bailey prefaces a description of it with many interesting historic references to the early use of the so-called code-signals. We are reminded that the prophet Jeremiah exhorts the children of Benjamin to set up a sign of fire; and it was by like means that Agamemnon communicated with his queen. Classical readers are referred to the description by Æneas, who lived in the time of Aristotle, of an ingenious telegraph, which consisted of two tubs marked inside to indicate the depth of water, and furnished with small taps. These tubs were filled with water, and placed on distant hills in charge of men with torches. On the elevation of a torch twice both taps were opened at once, and the wa-

ter allowed to flow out. So soon as the sender of the message raised his distant torch a third time the taps were closed. Now, supposing that each inch of water represented a message, the one whose torch caused the taps to be opened and closed would so time his elevation of them as to mark the desired loss of water in the tubs. An interesting incident is also given to illustrate the uncertainty of flag-signals as conveyers of information. It appears that, when one of Wellington's victories over the French was being announced, the words "Wellington defeated—" were signaled, when a dense fog came down and interrupted the message. The consternation in the city of London can be imagined; but whether the price of stocks went up is not stated. If so, however, they soon declined again when, on the raising of the fog, the complete message was found to read, "Wellington defeated the French."

In former numbers of the JOURNAL illustrated descriptions of the recent fog guns and trumpets adopted by the English coast-guard service have been given; and now, by the aid of the accompanying illustration, the nature of this proposed system of sound-telegraphy can be readily understood. The system, in fact, is nothing more than an adaptation of the Morse code of signals to a steam-whistle. Already reading by sound is an accomplishment required of all skilled in telegraphy, and the Bailey scheme simply proposes to substitute for the click of the telegraphic lever the shrill notes of a steam-whistle set in action by a hand-lever. According to experiments made by the inventor, it is believed that a twelve-inch whistle can be heard at a distance of six miles.

While the need of this method was suggested by the disaster alluded to above, yet it is evident that this system can be made to render efficient service in all cases where communication between vessels is desired—for instance, as soon as two vessels approach within hearing distance, whether there be a fog or not, communication could be opened, and in the course of an hour over twelve hundred words could be sent. It is needless to follow the inventor in his detailed description of the various uses to which this system could be put. The plan is a simple one, and hence its numerous adaptations may be the more readily effected and applied.

UNDER the significant title of "Scientific Paving" the *New York Tribune* of January 25th publishes a valuable communication from General Q. A. Gillmore, from which we condense as below. As a text for his remarks, or rather as standards of comparison by which the relative value of various road-pavements shall be estimated, the writer gives the following, which he regards as the most essential requisites of a good street-pavement: "1. That it shall be smooth and hard, in order to promote easy draught; 2. That it shall give a secure foothold for animals, and not become polished and slippery from wear; 3. That it shall be as noiseless and as free from dust and mud as possible; 4. That it shall be capable of prompt and thorough cleansing; 5. That it be of durable material, and of such construction that it can be taken up in places and quickly relaid, in order to give access to gas and water pipes; and 6. That it shall be susceptible of repairs at all seasons of the year, and at mod-

erate cost." Before discussing the relative merits of stone, wood, and concrete pavements, as established by these six standards of value, the necessity for any good pavements is claimed on both economic and sanitary grounds. "I have no hesitation," he writes, "in expressing the opinion that, if the money expended in the construction and maintenance of the pavements in this city during the last fifteen years had been applied under competent professional supervision, the street-traffic of the present day could easily be carried on with less than two-thirds the animal power now found to be necessary, and the percentage of reduction in the cost of wear and tear of vehicles and harness would be still larger." An essential requisite of a good pavement is that it rest upon a proper foundation. This point seems to have been overlooked in many instances, the result being that a pavement, though properly composed, fails through the lack of a sufficiently solid foundation or bed. Among the suitable foundations for a pavement, provided the thickness be adapted to the character of the subsoil and the nature of the traffic, are the following, named in the order of their merit: "1. Hydraulic concrete, six or eight inches in thickness; 2. Rubble-stones set on edge, but not in contact, with the interstices filled in with concrete; 3. Rubble-stones set in contact, on edge, like the sub-pavement of a Telford road; 4. Cobble-stones firmly set in a form of sand or gravel; 5. Small rubble-stones of random sizes in a well-compacted layer; or, 6. A layer of broken stone laid in the manner of a macadamized road." After the announcement of these evident principles, General Gillmore proceeds to the main discussion, and reviews at length the relative merits of stone, wood, and concrete pavements. We must be content to simply direct the reader's attention to the conclusions reached, referring to the letter for an extended justification of them.

While including wood-pavements in the discussion, it is evident that the writer has little to say in their favor. From its very nature, wood cannot be backed by a solid foundation, as it would too rapidly wear or break away under those conditions. Then, again, it not only favors the presence of noisome and noxious emanations from the fecal and other putrescent matter collected and held in the joints, but the material itself undergoes rapid and early decay, in the progress of which the poisonous gases resulting from vegetable decomposition are given off. As the advocates of wooden pavements—which list is mainly composed of contractors and inventors—are still active in urging their adoption, the following additional testimony on the subject may serve a good purpose in directing the attention of the citizen to it: "The hygienist cannot look favorably upon a street-covering consisting of a porous substance capable of absorbing organic matter, and by its own decomposition giving rise to noxious miasma, which, proceeding from so large a surface, cannot be regarded as insignificant. I am convinced that a city with a damp climate paved entirely with wood would become a city of marsh-fevers." Regarding wood-pavements, therefore, as wholly unworthy, the choice rests between asphalt and stone; nor would there be any question as to the superior advantages of the former of these could it be prepared in the right manner, and with the proper materials. It is true that in narrow streets, crowded with traffic, the stone pavement seems the best, but for all streets devoted to residences or light traffic, the asphalt has undisputed claims. With such authority in favor of its adoption, and with the evidence that it possesses more nearly than any other the six essential requisites mentioned above, there is certainly a field open for the efforts of those interested in the introduction of the asphalt pavement. It should be understood, however, that by asphalt

is not meant a patented mixture of tar, sand, gravel, ashes, etc., but a cement, resting on a solid foundation, and prepared by refining the natural bitumen, and adding to it a calcareous powder; or, better still, by the importation of the natural asphalt-rock, derived from the Jurassic region on the confines of Switzerland.

THE fact that on the bodies of persons struck by lightning are at times to be found the outline impressions of adjacent natural objects, has prompted investigation as to the true nature and cause of this phenomenon. The following incident, as recorded by Professor W. Q. Brown, of the University of Georgia, will doubtless recall to our readers others of a kindred character, which have come within their knowledge or personal observation: On the 12th of July, 1875, a stroke of lightning fell upon a house in Americus, Georgia, rendering insensible for a brief period three persons—a child and two adults—who were sitting in one of the rooms. The two outer sides of this room, which was at a corner of the house, had each one window, and a tree stood in front of each window, about twelve feet distant. A third tree—a locust—stood opposite the corner of the house, at a distance about the same as the others. It was this tree which was actually struck by the bolt, the other two remaining uninjured. At the instant of the stroke the three persons within were rendered insensible for a time, and, on their recovery, there were found impressed upon the bodies of them all more or less distinct images of the tree which was struck. The child, who stood near the centre of the room, was impressed upon the back and exactly opposite upon the stomach. The entire tree was plainly to be seen, every limb, branch, and even the severed part, being faithfully reproduced. The same impressions, though broken and less complete were to be seen on the other occupants. The marks were not, however, of a permanent character, having become indistinct before a month had elapsed. Though, as has already been suggested, this occurrence is neither a rare nor an unfamiliar one, yet we have till the present time received no satisfactory explanation of it. By the same authority from which we obtained this recital of the event, we are informed that it is possible to produce similar figures artificially with an electrical machine, such as the Holtz machine, capable of giving electricity of very high potential. When the poles of the latter are strongly charged and are separated to the distance of a few inches, the discharge, instead of producing a spark or brush, sometimes consists of a very small jet upon the negative, and a sort of phosphorescent glow upon the positive. The space between them, though not luminous, is the seat of a discharging action which appears to take place along definite lines, like a stream or current, and is sometimes called the dark discharge. An object placed between the poles, and in the path of the discharge, interrupts this, and destroys the glow upon the positive pole in points corresponding to the lines thus broken; and in this way there is produced an image or shadow of the interposed object, which is often strikingly distinct and perfect. In the case above described, the phenomena are readily accounted for, if we suppose the thunder-cloud to have been negatively charged, and the tree to have stood in the path of the dark discharge which preceded or accompanied the lightning-stroke, the action having been sufficiently intense, and the quantity of electricity great enough, to produce a visible impression upon the delicate tissues of the skin.

NATURALISTS, both professional and amateur, who have made a study of the methods and habits of the ingenious little stickleback, and observed with delight the skill exercised by this

fish in the construction of its nest, will welcome the announcement that it has a worthy rival in the rainbow fish, a native of the ponds and trenches near the Ganges. As its name suggests, the rainbow is characterized by its brilliant-hued scales; a second peculiarity is indicated by the presence of a long filament substituted for the central fins. It is, however, as a nest-builder that this fish claims special attention, and its architectural efforts have recently been described by M. Carbonnier. Seizing a little convolvulus plant with its mouth, the male fish raises it to the surface, keeping it afloat by the introduction of a number of minute air-bubbles beneath; this operation occupies the little artisan for the first day. On the morrow an additional number of air-bubbles are introduced; at the same time they are urged toward the centre of the leaf, the result being a delicate vegetable dome balanced on the surface. Having thus prepared a safe home, he goes in search of his female mate, and solicits her to enter; this she does, and, having deposited her eggs, withdraws, leaving it for the father to defend and educate the offspring. Entering upon his new duties, the male first arranges the eggs separately in the raised parts of the nest, and, when the proper time arrives, rises in the middle of the dome and bursts it, letting the air-bubbles escape. Thus deprived of its buoyant quality, the leaf flattens and sinks, bearing down beneath it the eggs, which have then entered upon the embryo state. That these embryos may not escape prematurely the edges of the leaf are torn so as to act as a protecting fringe about the nest. The only remaining duty of the active parent is now to watch over and guard the imprisoned young. This duty he performs faithfully for a period of from eight to ten days, after which time his family have become so independent and unruly as to defy his authority, when he leaves them to the tender mercies of their enemies.

THE question as to the value of recently-discovered remains in establishing the antiquity of man, is likely to go before a legal tribunal for settlement. Whether this settlement will be final, however, is a question, since we doubt whether the learned disputants will be content to receive the judgment of a jury on a question which has failed of a decision in their own councils. How all this has come to pass, and the nature of the legal contest anticipated, may be gleaned from the following English comment on an extract from the order-paper of the Legislative Council of New Zealand. It appears that "the skeleton in question was exhumed in the course of excavations made for moa-bones and associated human remains by Dr. Haast, as detailed in his paper ('Trans. N. Z. Institute,' vol. vii.), and as that author holds strongly to the Palaeolithic age of the deposit, while others assert its comparatively recent date, it will be interesting to observe what light the coroner's inquest will throw on the subject: 'The Hon. Mr. Mantell to move that there be laid upon the table copies of any proceedings at any inquest held upon a body found, under suspicious circumstances, in a cave known as the "Moa Bone Point Cave," at Sumner, in the province of Canterbury, on Saturday, October 19, 1872, whose skeleton is reported to be in the Christ-Church Museum. And, in the event of no such inquest having been held, that the government lay upon the table a statement of the reasons why no inquest was held; or assure the council that instructions will be forthwith issued to the proper authorities to make such inquiry as may, if possible, lead to the identification of the individual whose body was so found, and set at rest any doubts as to the manner in which he came by his death.'"

Miscellanea.

THE subjoined from a contributor dwells accurately as well as amusingly upon certain "Domestic Shams" with which the reader, no doubt, is acquainted:

"Don't lie down on those pillow-shams!"

"Don't put your feet on the counterpane!"

"Don't lean your head against that white knit-tidy!"

That is the way a darling wife talks to her precious husband, when he comes home at night tired out with the public shams, and seeking for domestic realities; while she, poor thing, tired out with the domestic realities, seeks to beguile her mind with social and conventional shams.

"Pillow-shams." Do you know what they are? Did you ever try to lie down on them? They are hard, starchy things, with beautiful monograms embroidered all over them. They won't fold up, but rustle and slip off of the bed on the floor; they are always ready for a launch out into some place where they ought not to be. Back of them, as they are pinned on to the pillows, you can see the Sing-Sing stripe of the vulgar ticking in which the imaginary goose-feathers are inclosed.

Then, too, there is a broad, white, hard piece of embroidered linen, which goes across the bed, with a stiff, large monogram on it. This is also a "sham," and is always put on when strangers are coming into the room. It looks like a piece of fancy pie-crust, and the people who sleep in these beds are supposed to be like the four-and-twenty blackbirds of nursery-history, who were baked in a pie; that is, they were not in the pie because of any natural fitness, but simply because of the conventional decree of the king before whom this pretty dish was placed.

Oh, how a man hates these shams; how he flings them away when he is alone in the house, and tells the chambermaid never to bring them out while the wife and family are away!

How he remembers the days when he was at college, and piled up the pillows under him, and put his feet, at all times and at all places, on every cubic inch of the bed he called his own, and moved the bed under the light, and read himself to sleep over "Henry Esmond" and "Poor Penennis!"

But now the "night-lamp" for the baby, and the pillows by night for a fortification around his precious arms and legs; and the "pillow-shams" by day for the sake of admiring feminine critics, take the luxurious aroma of life away from the once idealized domesticities; and the man submits, wondering why on earth the Creator put such queer ways into woman's nature, and then made man so miserable without her that, by contrast with this negative misery, he puts up silently with quantities of misery which is positive. Domestic shams! That is what these wretched pillow-cases make us men think about.

Why do women take such comfort in them? Why is the white counterpane so religiously guarded from the tired man when he wants to lie down, but don't want to fold up this thick article into its lawful creases, and put it away in the closet, and then take off the unmanageable "shams" and stow them away, and then unbuckle his shoes and lie down, but "not on the baby's side of the bed?"

Then there are the tidies. They are always coming off on your head and shoulders. "Pick up the tidy, dear!" This is always the last word from madam as you leave the room.

"Don't put your head on the tidy!" This is the booming minute-gun of domestic danger when the cigar is lighted, and the newspaper

is opened, and the home-circle for the evening is begun.

Then there are the white dresses for the children. Of course they will play on their hands and knees, and will get soiled and marred with nursery warfare; of course the servants will complain of the big wash, and the quantity of starched clothes required for the demands of the family wardrobe.

"Why not dress the children in colored clothes? why not put woollen articles on them such as Mrs. A——'s children wear?"

"How queer you men talk! Don't you know that Mrs. A—— doesn't live on — Street, and doesn't go with our set at all? How mortified I should feel if Mrs. B—— should call and see the children dressed in a different way from her own!"

That is the way the talk goes on between the public realities of bills and the domestic shams of embroidered white dresses.

"It is worse than wicked, my dear," said Punch the other day, representing a mother speaking to her little daughter. "It is worse than wicked—it is vulgar."

Silk dresses form another department of domestic shams. Just watch the cheap-silk counter at Stewart's or Arnold & Constable's on a Saturday. Plaids and cashmeres, woollens and serges, may charm with look, and texture, and price, never so wisely—but they are like chaff before the wind, as they pale before the attractiveness of the cheap-silk department.

Oh, how these women-buyers and their consulting cabinet of advisers feel and rustle the silk, and hold it up to the light, and compare its thickness with that which is twenty-five cents more a yard! How they rattle over the favorite names of the different French manufacturers; how the mild-mannered and obsequious men-clerks go over their same stock of remarks thousands and thousands of times! How the candidate for this article of clothing compares silk with silk, and searches down among the roots of things to find out just which adviser she can most rely on! And then the black-silk dress is bought—"for a black-silk dress is always dressy you know, dear; one always looks well in a black-silk dress, doesn't one, Mary?"

"Always," says Mary, and out goes the money from the husband's pocket-book, and married life is "so sweet" for the rest of that day!

Now what, as a man, I maintain about this phase of domestic shams is simply this. The "black-silk-dress idea," which is the normal type of American women's dressing, is simply an attempt to be always in a superlative condition of dress—which is too commonly the average American ambition.

Englishwomen dress in woollens; Frenchwomen draw their wardrobes from a variety of textures—but our American women, with this pervading pillow-sham idea running through their lives, cannot be happy unless they are continually, in mud and rain, in horse-cars and in trains, at their social best. Consequently they are arrayed in thin and shiny silks; cheap they may be, but at least they are silks.

But I won't croak any more to-day, for fear of becoming hoarse and unpleasant. I might go into the domestic shams of solid silver-ware, safe and paid for in the bank, while we use the plated-ware in our cottage-homes. I might go into some of the social shams of the present age, after the fashion of that little book which is so old and so funny, "Thinks I to Myself," but let me forbear. No doubt there is a true social instinct down at the root of things in our wives, and mothers, and daughters; an instinct to preserve the ideal and cherish that which is best and most truly refined.

Let us hope this is the explanation of it. Let us believe that we men are apt to forget the power of social sentiment in the presence of that daily grinding question—"What is the use?"—which stares us in the face so continually.

Therefore let us believe that man is the possible and practical, and woman is the ideal and the unattainable. This has an Emersonian sound. It reads well; it looks as if it might be philosophical.

But I doubt whether this will satisfy us the next time we come home for a welcome, and are met with the warning cry, "Don't lie on the pillow-shams!"

I fear, after all, either inwardly or outwardly, we will say, as we hurl the nasty things into the baby's crib, that which we have always said—"Con-f—n—d the pillow-shams!"

MINOR PROPHET.

THE extent to which "fagging" in English schools is carried is illustrated by the following extract from Lord William Lennox's "Celebrities I Have Known," familiar to our readers by frequent quotations here from its pages:

At Westminster I was fag to the Hon. William Coventry, fourth son of the seventh earl, who, I am happy to say, is still thriving, and as kind-hearted as ever. One Saturday, just as we were "locked up" at our dames', and I was busily employed in preparing my master's boots, for he was an awful "buck"—the word dandy was not then in vogue—and nothing short of the brilliancy of Day and Martin would satisfy him, the trusty porter Dick rapped at the door and announced Lord Deerpur. Great was his lordship's surprise to find me with blacking-brush in hand, giving the last polish to a pair of Hessian boots, and greater still was it when he saw on the window-seat a dirty, greasy gridiron, which I told him I was about to clean.

"Your brother," said I, "is in Erskine's room—shall I call him?"

"I'll not trouble you," responded the new arrival.

"He'll be here immediately," I continued, "as he was to dress at three o'clock."

In a few minutes my master entered, and introduced me to his brother. There was something peculiarly captivating in Lord Deerpur's manner, who after a time turned to me and said: "If you are not going home to-day, perhaps Dr. Dodd would allow you to come with us to Coventry House; the family are out of town, and we can give you a bed."

To this I joyfully assented, and suggested that a note should be sent to my worthy tutor to obtain his permission.

"I think I can do more with him in an interview," responded Deerpur.—"Send in my card, Willy," he proceeded, addressing his brother.

The interview was short but satisfactory, and permission to remain until Sunday night was granted. I started off to dress and pack up my portmanteau, and soon found myself sitting by the side of my new acquaintance in a phaeton behind a splendid pair of horses, my master, out of school, giving me precedence. Upon reaching Coventry House I was introduced to Lady Mary Deerpur, a daughter of the Duke of St. Albans, whom my host had recently married. Nothing could exceed her beauty, except, perhaps, the charm of her manner, and she received me most cordially. A drive in the park in an open carriage, a first-rate dinner, and a box at the opera-house, formed the programme for the afternoon and evening.

For conversational powers, sparkling wit, and exuberance of spirits, few could surpass Lord Deerhurst in those days, and these qualities he enjoyed to his latest hour. My Westminster master was also full of fun, and, as we met on an equality, I for the moment forgot that, in Dean's Yard, as his fag, I was little better than a menial servant, though, of course, I blamed the system, not him who carried it out.

I will here say that William Coventry was an excellent master, a great contrast to one whom I afterward served, and who was an awful tyrant. I do not mention his name, as he has within a few years been gathered to his ancestors; he, however, carried on his eccentricities—I adopt a very mild phrase—in after-life, having once, in a fit of temper, fired at and wounded his gamekeeper.

This youth, a Scotchman by birth, was an expert skater, a good fives-player, an excellent cricketer, and a fair shot, so his fags had no sincere offices. When we were not employed as in-door "servants-of-all-work" we were obliged to attend him in his amusements—fastening on his skates, lacing his boots, looking out for his lost balls at fives, fagging out at cricket, and carrying his leaping-pole, shot-bag, and powder-flask, when he went out with his gun after a traditional snipe in Tophill Fields.

His amusement during a half-holiday was to put a team of boys together, and drive them through the yard and passages; fortunately for him, none of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals knew of his proceedings, or he would have been severely dealt with for his unmerciful infliction of the lash. Now and then, by way of varying the scene, I was ordered to "cag a sky," *anglick*, turn a blackguard out of the yard, with the cheering encouragement from my master, "If you don't lick him, I'll lick you." This foray was usually attended with at least a black eye, and a flow of the "purple stream" from the olfactory organ.

Being himself in the sixth form, he was permitted to have two fags, and no two galley-slaves ever worked harder. We called him at seven, lit his fire (often purchasing firewood from our miserable weekly pittance of sixpence), attended to the boiling of his hot water, cleaned his boots, brushed his clothes, filled his pitcher (a huge stone jug) at the pump in Dean's Yard—no joke on a cold, raw, frosty morning; scoured the frying-pan and gridiron which he had used on the previous evening in cooking sprats, sausages, beef-steaks, mutton-chops, or kidneys, and prepared his breakfast.

That the system of fagging was carried out to too great an extent at the period referred to cannot be denied, often to the detriment of the sufferer's health, and continually to the drawback of his learning. Still, many a fine fellow, who proved an ornament in after-life as a clergyman, statesman, lawyer, soldier, or sailor, underwent that severe code of duty which reminded one not a little of the hard task-masters of the Egyptian king of ancient days, or the more modern Pharaohs of the cotton-mills, before legislature stepped in and put an end to their cruelties. What rendered our lot harder was that our work was great and our wages small; an occasional treat of bread, cheese, and beer, in the cricket-field on match-days, the drained leaves of the three-shilling hyson, the wretched remains of a cold, greasy crumpet, the tail-end of a half-penny bloater, and the reversionary interest of a Britannia-metal teapot, formed our remuneration.

MR. HAMERTON, in his "Notes of Rural Life in France," comments as follows on wine-drinking:

The wine drunk during meals is always some cheap *vin ordinaire*. An Englishman wonders

at first how rich people can be induced to drink such poor wine at all, but, after some experience, he discovers that *vin ordinaire* is one of those common things which are better in their place than more expensive things, just as bread is better for constant use than plum-cake. There are, however, very different qualities of *vin ordinaire*, and the skill of the master of the house is never put to a more serious test than in the choice of this common wine, the merit of which is not to bear a distant resemblance to *bon vin*, but to keep the appetite alive (*bon vin* cloy it), and to bear mixture with water. A good *vin ordinaire* is not preferred to a higher class of wine simply from economy; if the two were at the same price, the judicious Frenchman would choose an *ordinaire* for use until hunger was satisfied. A bottle of better wine is always produced at or before dessert if there is a guest; but this is generally omitted when the family is alone, unless there is some excuse for the indulgence, such as a birthday, a *fête* day, or the return of a member of the family from a distance. In summer, white wine is often served at *déjeuner* and drunk with seltzer-water, with which it makes a very refreshing beverage, perhaps only too stimulating to the appetite. Coffee is hardly ever omitted after *déjeuner*, even in the most economical families; it is generally excellent, but not invariably. In houses where care is taken about coffee, it is roasted in very small quantities at a time, and very moderately. The burnt, black coffee of the *cafés* is generally only fit for peasants at a fair; the true connoisseur despises it, and takes the greatest precautions to secure the unspoiled aroma. It is very probable that there may be some natural connection between the wine and the coffee; the wine seems to call for the coffee, and perhaps physiologists may know the reason. The wine drunk varies from half a bottle to a bottle at each meal, for each man; ladies drink less, and seldom go beyond the half bottle. In hotels a bottle is the regular allowance. Men often drink their wine pure, but ladies never do, except a little at the end of the repast. The quantity of wine drunk in France sometimes appears excessive to modern Englishmen, though it would not have astonished the contemporaries of Sheridan and Pitt, while Americans rather suspect you of a tendency to intemperance if you drink anything but iced-water during meals. I have never perceived that a Frenchman was less sober after his bottle of *vin ordinaire*, nor is there any reason to believe that it injures his health or shortens his existence; but if he drinks much wine at meals he ought to abstain rigorously from drinking between meals, and the wisest Frenchmen are often very severe with themselves on this point. I know several whom nothing would induce to infringe their rule, and who never enter a *café*.

The disuse of the saddle by country gentlemen is spoken of:

Few country gentlemen ride on horseback now. I know two or three young ones who ride often and well, but that is nothing in proportion to the numbers who have carriages and never sit in a saddle. A notion seems to have gradually implanted itself in the French mind that to be seen on horseback is not quite consistent with the dignity of mature years. The excellence of the roads, and the great improvements in the build of carriages, have put "all the world on wheels." Former generations owed their skill in horsemanship to the bad, narrow roads and rough bridle-paths, which were then the only means of communication. It is now becoming rather ridiculous to be seen on horseback in France for elderly and respectable people, though young men may ride with impunity if they can. The feeling is something like that about velocipedes in an English country town. Young men may run about on them—*c'est de leur âge*—but elderly magistrates, clergymen, and lawyers, may not. This disuse of the saddle is really a misfortune, for it deprives country-life of one of its greatest charms. There are still a good many narrow and picturesque old tracks through the woods and over the hills, which may be perfectly explored on horseback, but are entirely inaccessible to carriages, and it is delightful to follow out these, with all their rich, unforeseen variety of small discoveries, giving a new interest every hundred yards. When the young men do ride, they ride boldly but not always elegantly, at least according to our English taste. I remember one of them, a young officer who had behaved with much courage during the war, and who invited me one day to take a long round with him on horseback. Our road lay at first in the pretty lanes, but after a few miles we quitted these and followed a wild, rocky track in the heart of a great wood. The perfect recklessness of my companion's horsemanship amazed me. The worse the road became, the wilder his riding. At length we arrived at some very steep and stony hills, with ribs of rock lying across the way; so my young friend thought it just the place for a gallop, and set off. Not being disposed to follow at the same pace, I soon lost sight of him, but, on reaching the top of a hill, perceived him lying with his head on a lump of granite and his foot fast in the stirrup, his horse standing quite patiently. "He is killed," I thought, "but if not, this will be a lesson to him." He was not killed, however, and the lesson profited little, for, once in the saddle again, he dashed away as wildly and recklessly as ever. It was his boast that he could ride anything, and certainly he did possess one of the most objectionable animals I ever mounted.

Notices.

SCIENTIFIC BOOKS.—Send 10 cents for General Catalogue of Works on Architecture, Astronomy, Chemistry, Engineering, Mechanics, Geology, Mathematics, etc. D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher, 23 Murray Street, New York.

TO RAILWAY TRAVELERS.—In order to save trouble and anxiety in reference to which route to select previous to commencing your journey, be careful and purchase a copy of APPLETON'S RAILWAY GUIDE. Thousands and tens of thousands of Railway Travelers would as soon think of starting on their journey without their baggage as without a copy of the GUIDE. Price, 25 cents. D. APPLETON & Co., Publishers, New York.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL is published weekly, price 10 cents per number, or \$4.00 per annum, in advance (postage prepaid by the publishers). The design of the publishers and editors is to furnish a periodical of a high class, one which shall embrace a wide scope of topics, and afford the reader, in addition to an abundance of entertaining popular literature, a thorough survey of the progress of thought, the advance of the arts, and the doings in all branches of intellectual effort. Travel, adventure, exploration, natural history, social themes, the arts, fiction, literary reviews, current topics, will each have large place in its plan. The JOURNAL is also issued in MONTHLY PARTS; subscription price, \$4.50 per annum, with postage prepaid. D. APPLETON & Co., Publishers, New York.